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THE BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

LORD BATEMAN was a noble Lord,
A noble Lord was he
Of high degree,
And he determin-ed to go abroad,
Strange countries for to see.

He sail-ed in the Polly Ann,
In the Polly Ann sailed he
Up Big Pedee,
And with a spy-glass in his lily-white hand
He saw a strange countree.

"Good gwa-ci ous!" cried Lord Bateman,
"What hanimal is he
That now h'I see?"
The Capting gazed, and through his tears replied,
"A Pic-a-nin-i-ee!"

Lord Bateman dropped his lilly-white hand,
His spy-glass drop-ped he—
"Ah! wo is me,
That I should live to see such weptiles stwange
As grwo in Big Pedee."

Down to his state-room Lord Bateman
Went melancholi-i-iee,
Nor smil-ed he:
His corpus trembling like a quaking bowl
Of calf's foot jell-i-e.

Then straight he wrote a letter to
His mother, Lady B.,
Of high degree,
And drew a picture of that reptile strange;
'Twas horribel to see.

Then from his carpet-bag he took
Revolvers two or three
Of the nav-ee;
"I can not live in such a land," he cried,
All on the Big Pedee.

"Fahwell, bwight world!" sighed Lord Bateman,
Fahwell to fwiends and thee—
No mowe for Me!
Good angels save me fwom that cweatur stwange,
Called Pic-a-nin-i-ee."

No more he said, but wildly seized
Revolvers two or three
Of the nav-ee—
O dreadful tale that I am left to tell,
All of the Big Pedee!

They found him there, a hole bored through
The forehead of Lord B.,
Of high degree;
And in a grave they buried him away
Beside the Big Pedee.

MORAL.

Now all you roving blades give ear,
If e'er you wish to see
A strange countree,
Beware the Polly Ann and Big Pedee,
And the Pic-a-nin-i-ee.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FLIGHT—LUCY AND LATOUR'S ESCAPE—THE PURSUIT—THE SUCCESSFUL RUSE—ALONE ON THE HILLS—PSYCHOLOGICAL INFLUENCE.

FLIGHT. Flight for Lucy Marsden. Flight that would have been impossible, had she not, in every servant, in every laborer, a friend, and by her side Latour. There had been no time to enrobe in even the simple covering of a shawl. Slightly dressed as she was, flying over the rough road, through the inclement wind. Passing along under the black shadows of the tall firs—beneath the leafless beeches, Lucy and Latour.

"Whither?" inquired Lucy.

"Towards the Cheviots," answered the creole. "Give me your hand, mistress; let us fly."

Not a word, but ever onward. Mile after mile was passed. Suddenly, without warning, Lucy fell helpless on the ground. Her brave heart complained not till her strength had utterly failed. Latour was maddened with vexation. What was to be done? From the spot on which they stood he could not discern the welcome smoke of any habitation, nor hear the approaching tread of any human being. The situation was desperate. The investigation, which would only imperil Lucy, would certainly result in the discovery of the secret of her life. Shade of his dead mistress! anything rather than that. He looked at her, lying so cold and still on the roadway. The bleak wind stirred her silky hair and enabled Latour to discover that the thin soles of her slight house slippers were cut through, and that her white, delicate feet were torn and bleeding with the sharp stones. It was still the night, but the moon shed not her liquid light—no star glimmered in the mighty vault of sky. Latour wound his fingers in his hair, and tore it in the intensity of his vexation. Summoning all his strength, he, with something of youthful agility, gained in the mighty forests, clambered up from branch to branch, till he had climbed the topmost summit of a tree. He surveyed the prospect. His heart quickened, for lo! in a valley, scarce a mile away, he discovered a rapid stream; rapidly he descended. Hush! Was it pursuit? Lying for a moment at full length, he placed his ear to the ground, and listened. The sound, if sound it was, was so indistinct, that he was not sure; to convince himself, he quickly cut a slender wand, and stuck one end in the ground, the other he placed between his teeth; then he recognized, by the jarring vibration, that the pursuers, far down the road, were on the trail. Simultaneously with this assurance, he took up the unconscious Lucy, and began to fly; for some time, in his excitment, he hardly felt her weight. The long, delicate flakes began to fall. The commencement of a snow storm. Latour was both delighted and grieved. Delighted, because it would cover their footmarks in the past; grieved, because it would show them in the future. Courage, Latour! Bear thy mistress on! Latour had traveled, probably, half a mile, he was almost overcome. His young mistress bore on him with too heavy a weight. Must he relinquish the flight? Must she be surrendered to her enemy? Tenderly the weakening creole put her down, and called to her.

"Lucy—my mistress—child that I have served—rouse!"

Motionless as death! Their flight had been so unexpected that they had no restorative. Oh, for a draught of spirit! Latour glanced around in despairing horror.

"Ah, providence!" he whispered.

His keen eye detected a peculiar herbage clustering round the knotted trunk of a forest tree; of this Latour gathered a considerable quantity. Selecting, then, two large smooth stones, he crushed that mossy growth between them, and pressed a few drops of the juice on his handkerchief. This he rubbed upon the pallid lip, and presented to the moveless nostril. A few moments, and his listening ears detected the sigh of returning life.

"Courage, mistress!" he murmured. "A few steps of renewed exertion and safety follows."

Lucy walked as a somnambulist. She felt not the keen air eddying through the trees; she saw not the descending snow; she had no sensation in her bleeding feet. The stream! The swift stream, its source o'ercharged with melting snow, running rapidly to the sea.

"This way!" he cried.

Leading her step by step, they descended to the bank. Lucy followed as a mechanical figure submits to the operator. She arrived at the rivulet. Not more than, probably, twelve feet broad, it raced with the speed of a torrent. On the opposite bank there grew a slender willow, drooping its branches in the turbid water. At Latour's desire, Lucy left the worn slippers on the bank. The creole entered the water, with difficulty keeping his feet in the swift current, and, leaning forward, reached a slight twig in the willow. Dragging down twig by twig, he bent a large elastic bough towards him. This he secured by the end of his long neckerchief, and returned to the side for Lucy.

"Fear not, mistress!" he cried. "On my shoulder—quick! Grasp the branch—then further on to the forest undergrowth and wait for me!"

Lucy, as a machine, obeyed. Held up by Latour, Lucy clung to the branch, and swung herself by his aid clear of the water to the shore beyond.

"The God of my fathers protect thee!"

SAMUEL S. SANFORD. MINSTREL MANAGER. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

Latour seeing his beloved mistress in safety, returned to the roadway, and loudly shouted to the men whom he saw approaching for help.

"Help! help!"

Those who rode up rapidly to this cry were two mounted policemen.

"Lucy Marsden?" they simultaneously cried.

One descended from his horse and began to examine the footmarks which were still fresh in the snow.

"Help!—help!" screamed Latour with well-affected terror.

"Speak, man!" cried the policeman. "Answer my inquiry—where is Lucy Marsden?"

Latour, pretending to be overcome, could only reiterate "Help!—help!"

"Here are footsteps, the same—a girl's and a man's—that we have followed since the snow fell, leading to the water there."

"Oh!" shuddered Latour; "the water—the horrible, horrible water!"

"Just go down and see, Richards, while I talk to this chap further."

"The water—the horrible water!"

"What of the water?"

"Leave me!" replied Latour,—"leave me! She was my cherished mistress! I would have saved her!—I would have saved her! Now I would only mourn her in the silence of lasting solitude!"

"Where is she?"

Latour, as though incapable of reply, groaned. Richards, the other policeman, had meanwhile traced the footmarks; traced them as they passed through the forest path; traced them till they came to the rapid, rolling stream. There they stopped. And then he discovered the slippers. He cast the light of his bull's-eye far on the water, but could discern nothing. Lucy Marsden must have plunged into the water; that would account for the cessation of the footmarks, and for the helpless dismay of Latour. Nurturing this suspicion, he hurriedly returned to whisper to his companion. Latour could utter none but disjointed ejaculations.

"Hark ye! What is it? Lucy Marsden!"

Latour, at a glance, discovered that Richards had received the impression he had desired.

"You would seek Lucy Marsden?" he cried. "Her soul is there—her body is being swept by the restless river to the depths of the silent sea!"

"Just what I thought!" interposed Richards. "She's drowned herself!"

"Drowned, eh?" inquired the other, shaking Latour.

"I followed her, but too late—too late!"

The policemen looked at each other. They were evidently young in their vocation, and were consequently puzzled what to do. Latour, instantly perceiving this, took advantage of their bewilderment.

"A mile further down there's a shoal," he said to Richards. "She might, perhaps, have rested upon that."

"If I was sure," doubtfully answered the other.

"At all events," interposed the second policeman, "a few moments will settle it. Come!"

To Latour's intense relief they rode away. The creole, banishing every trace of his assumed emotion, watched till the turn of the road hid them from his sight. But he moved not till the ring of their horse's hoofs sounded no longer on the road. Then, instant as a lightning flash, he leapt down the pathway to the stream, plunged into it, clung to the drooping branch of the willow, and swayed himself across to the opposite shore. The ground was covered with the descending snow. Through the thick forest Latour searched for Lucy, and for some time found her not. Acutely as the organ of his hearing was strained, Latour could detect no footfall. Faster and faster descended the snow. Could she have mistaken his careful direction? As last he found her. Leaning, she was, against the gnarled trunk of an ancient oak—a sweet smile upon her lips—her eyes cast heavenward. Latour recoiled with subdued horror, for in those mellow orbs, the "windows of the soul," there was utter vacancy of natural expression. Instead, a wild, restless blaze, an unholy glitter which spoke of madness. As this fear entered the mind of the creole, the poor broken wretch upon the rack was happier than he.

"Lucy!" cried he; "Lucy!"

Her lips moved.

"Mother," she whispered; "I am coming to thee, among the white-winged angels. Earth will soon know me no more, mother."

"Lucy!"

"Hush!" murmured she, without glancing at him. "Hush! I can see her!"

'Twas the truth! Before the fevered eyes of Lucy Marsden, clear as the figure of her mother. The same figure which she had before witnessed in the darkness of her boudoir, and in the brilliance of the opera. Her mother's form as she had seen it for the last time, when, on the evening of her death, she wrapped the shawl around her head, and passed through the portal of the mansion into the dull, desolate night which hung over Marsden Grange. Latour addressed her once more to rouse her if possible from the dull abstraction of this awful apathy. Unavailing! The springs of the mind appeared to be yielding under the continued strain which so long they had been doomed to bear. Latour knew this; felt that the crisis of gain or loss was in a few moments of time. She stood there now calm, impassive, immovable as a pillar of ice, in the desolate regions of the frozen North. And Latour was alone with her. No help was at hand! He knew not what to do. A thought, a hope inspired him.

"Come, Lucy Marsden!" he said. "Quick, quick to the Cheviots, where *Athol Clement* waits for us!"

Athol! The name was an Orient talisman. It won back intelligence; her features lost their immovability; she was again Lucy Marsden.

"Athol waits? Let us lose no instant; I am ready! Haste, Latour, haste!"

"Thanks to the blessed heaven!" muttered Latour. "The peril is passing away."

But only passing, not for ever fled. Onward they press through the darksome forests and the bleak plains. Avoiding all inhabited dwellings, leaving Alwhinton to the right, where, at that moment, the Chapmans, objects of Lucy's bounty, were entering and admiring their new house, while the donor of it was a houseless, hunted wanderer in the cruel, chilling snow. Latour ever talked of Athol—of his warmth of heart and nobility of soul. In the contemplation of his goodness the hours speeded away. It grew lighter—'twas the morning. But no sun of glory cast his beams of gold over the awakening world. No flowers yielded the dews of night as worship to the God of Day. The air was less dense, and, by that alone, they knew the dawn was ascending the heavens. Lucy must have shelter, food and rest. Far away in the distance, Latour could detect a deserted coal-pit. To this desolate spot—favorable refuge for them, because it was so lonely—they wended their way.

"Latour," whispered Lucy; "oh, if I could sleep!"

"Wait!"

"No sleep for me," she answered. "My brain is crowded with thoughts and visions of the past, and thoughts and visions of the future. I could not sleep, Latour, if Paradise were the boon it sought."

"Wait!"

"Leave me here, Latour," said Lucy. "Leave me here to die! My limbs sink under me! The snow will be so innocent a shroud! I would go to my mother, Latour, in the regions of eternal joy!"

"Athol!" suggested Latour. "He waits for us. What bliss to die in his arms! Live till then."

The idea, the hope—what you will—gave Lucy strength.

"Let us to the old pit," she said.

Latour, to while her from herself, then related how Athol had toiled and aided in her escape from the power of Light. No incident was too trivial for him to tell or for her to hear. It had its effect. Vigorously she struggled with her weakness, and at last they reached the old pit. By its side was a hut long deserted, into which they entered.

"Latour!" spasmodically uttered Lucy—as they reached it; "if——"

"If what?" replied he, almost awed by the agony within her voice.

"Oh, Latour!" she exclaimed; "if I should become what Light and Ragged declared I was!"

Latour knew what she meant full well.

"Mad, Latour! Racked by suppositious torments; or sunk by sorrow into mindless imbecility!"

"Do not think of it," answered the creole, sickened at heart by the imagination.

"I tell you, Latour, I cannot vanish these whelming fancies from my brain. Sleep—only sleep can save me, and slumber seems for ever vanished from my eyes?"

"Wait!"

Latour looked around. The hut was completely empty, but close to the edge of the pit, under the old roof-worn engine shed, there was some remains of forest firewood. Being partially sheltered it was tolerably dry. Of this he brought a bundle, and taking his coat off, turning it inside out, covered it as a pillow upon the ground.

"Lie down, mistress—dear mistress!" implored Latour.

"'Twill be useless, Latour: there is a fire within my brain which will not let me sleep."

sided on her knees. Latour then knelt softly down at some distance opposite to her, and then firmly grasped her wrists.

"Look steadily upon me, mistress."

Lucy glanced at him timidly at first—almost unwillingly. Soon she discovered that to remove her gaze was impossible.

"Sleep, Lucy Marsden!" enjoined Latour, authoritatively.

The creole was trancing her as a serpent. Her eyes grew fixed—the brow grew smoother—the heart beat with unexcited action. Yielding to a mysterious but irresistible power, Lucy gradually fell back, her head resting on her rough pillow and her body receiving welcome rest in motionless repose.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CHAPMANS—THEIR RENEWED PROSPERITY—THEY KEEP A HOTEL—THE SEARCH FOR LUCY—THE FAITHFUL GABRIELLE.

MR. AND MRS. CHAPMAN, on their journey towards Alwhinton, renewed the memories of their early marriage days. Such was the result of prosperity. In this "World as it Wags," success is the mighty magician; and that, chiefly, because money is its handmaiden. 'Tis poverty alone which too frequently creates the snarling temper in those who, but for its baneful presence, would prove themselves sweetest of human kind. Our friends, the Chapmans, are illustrations of this remark. Well to do when they were united for better or worse, a spirit of happiness rested on their hearth. Pecuniary distress succeeded. During the ruling of that most malevolent star, retorts and reproaches were ever exchanged in that which was once a happy, envied home. Up in the world once more—fortune again smiling—who so clever as Mr. Chapman?—who so amiable as his wife?

"Now, Mrs. Chapman, I'm sure you will take cold in this dreadful railway. I insist on your covering your throat. I am determined that you shall wrap the railway-rug around you. You shall have a glass of sherry and a biscuit at the next station. It's good for your health, Eliza, my pettikin, and you shall——"

"Now, Robert, my love, don't you stick your head out a-window in that way. You'll bump the top of one o' these beastly tunnels, I know you will. If anything was to happen to you, Chapman, I declare I should never breathe never no more, Robert; I always said you was such a taking man."

Such were the compliments which passed between husband and wife on the road to London.

"Sea air would do Eliza good," said Chapman.

"Sea air would do Robert good," said Eliza.

So it was resolved that from London they would take steamboat to Newcastle instead of rail, which they would only employ between that place and their ultimate destination. Two chief cabin passages, five-and-twenty shillings each, were taken by Mr. and Mrs. C. Also an arrangement was concluded with the steward for breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, to be supplied during the voyage at the rate of one pound per head. This bargain turned out to be most lucrative to the steward. The stomachs of the Chapmans were so delicate in their organization as to be most unpleasantly affected by the sea air. The steward got his money, and the Chapmans could take nothing. Arrived at Newcastle, by rail to Alwhinton, there they beheld their future home—no tumble down old brick fashioned public house, but a real spick and span new railway hotel—solid concrete foundation—two brick wall up to the first floor—brick and a-half up to the second—brick only from there to the attics, which were surmounted by a fine Italian roof, and a weathercock on every possible point. Chapman, when he beheld it, experienced an inward swell of so extensive a character, that he shuddered for the buttons of his waistcoat. Mrs. Chapman elevated her eyes till she felt them going—going to the interior of her bonnet. The entrance hall was paved with Minton tiles; "real imitation" marble columns sprung to support the gilt moulded roof of the coffee room. The cellar was stored with fine wines in the newly invented iron bins; the kitchens were supplied with the patent stoves, which roast, boil, fry, bake, stew, and simmer, at the moderate fuel expenditure of a pound of coal per hour. Housemaids' closets were on the ground floor; ditto on the second floor and attics, with a liberal supply of water in each; marble baths, in which the visitor turned on one tap for hot water, one ditto for cold, and another when they wished till the water away; a small suite of apartments for honeymoons [illegible]

a smoking ditto, for gentlemen—all built in the very best manner. None of your Dantzic joists and flooring—all of the Swedish deal. Mrs. Chapman was, in a manner, subdued by the magnificence; still more silenced by the rapid ease in which she was hoisted up, by an hydraulic contrivance, from the kitchen to the top floor, in a manner which, to her mind, rendered it uncertain whether she would not be shot through the roof itself. But Chapman, greater in the controlling of emotion than herself, pronounced it very "clean and comfortable." Mr. and Mrs. Chapman retired to rest in a delirium of joy. The conveyances had all been executed, the transfers all made, and the place and its belongings were their own. They wondered somewhat that Latour was not there to welcome them; still, they believed that they would see his dark face in the morning. But Latour was away with Lucy among the Cheviots—a fact discovered by the Chapmans in the following manner.

"Please, 'em," said one of the chambermaids, in the morning, tapping at the door of the ever fatigued, yet happy, couple—"please 'em, there's a—'em—a somebody wants to see master very particklar."

"Who is it?" inquired Chapman.

"Well, 'em, it's—it's a policeman!"

"Chapman—Chapman!" shrieked the lady, thumping her slumbrous lord. "Here's the police after ye!"

"Goodness gracious!" cried Chapman, rousing himself. "Goodness gracious!"

He popped on his clothes, and tumbled down stairs, introducing himself to the officer of justice in the kitchen.

"What is it? Will you take a pint of half-and-half?" asked the confused Chapman, knowing, from experience, that policemen have been seen imbibing such liquor even while on professional duty.

"I don't want none o' your drinks," replied the policeman. "I've only to ask a few questions, and to caution you how you reply, as the evidence you give in this case may be used agin yer."

The confusion of the policeman's ideas alarmed Chapman.

"What have I done now?" he demanded.

"Are you harboring her?"

"Her—who?"

"Lucy Marsden."

"I—no. What do you mean?"

"I must search the house."

"Search, and be blowed!" returned the indignant landlord. "What are ye talking about—Lucy Marsden?"

"Young man—young man!" replied the policeman, "don't give way to temper!"

"Young man!" responded Chapman. "Why I'm old enough to be your father! But, for the last time o' asking, what the deuce are you doing here?"

"Haven't you heard about Lucy Marsden?"

"Only that she's a jolly good sort."

"Your ignorance looks uncommon suspicious!" hesitated the policeman, shaking his head.

"Ignorance of what?" again inquired Chapman.

"Of Miss Marsden's flight."

"Flight?" repeated Chapman.

"Flight!" once more pronounced the policeman.

"I never thought she was flighty," remarked Chapman, imperfectly understanding the question.

"I say she's run away."

"At last!" returned the delighted Chapman—"at last! Well, I am jolly glad!"

"Oh! you're glad—eh?" significantly remarked the intelligent policeman. "Perhaps parties present 'ull please to take notice—he said he was glad!"

"With—with Mr. Athol Clement, ain't it?"

"It's my opinion you've been drinking. Now, young man, you ain't going off like that."

Chapman was turning away.

"I say, do you know anything, or have you concealed in your house, Miss Lucy Marsden, formerly of Marsden Grange, who has fled from justice?"

"Why, what for?" gasped Chapman.

"As if you know'd nothing about it!" replied the officer. "Why, for poisoning Captain Hugh Bernard, who's dying, if he ain't dead by this time."

Chapman was horror struck. He had taken possession on the very night of the accusation.

"Your very evident confusion shows that I am right. Search the house!"

The officer beckoned in his subordinate, and from floor to ceiling they searched the whole hotel. Of course they found nothing. To do the Chapmans justice, although they fancied that, somehow or other, the position so recently gained might be lost in consequence of this unexpected event, they thought less of that than of the danger to Lucy Marsden. That day was a wretched one to both. In the evening, while they were sitting very lonely, a young woman wished to see them.

"I don't know who it can be," said Mrs. Chapman; "but I know who I hope it is."

"Over there?" hinted Chapman, pointing towards the Grange.

"That way—yes," replied Mrs. Chapman. "I'd hide her, that I would, if I put her in one of our feather beds!"

"I'll go out and see for myself!" exclaimed Chapman.

Chapman went out, and soon returned with Gabrielle.

"It ain't her!" he said to his wife, as she entered; "it's the French gal!"

None, save those alone who saw her, could have credited the difference which anxiety for Lucy's safety had wrought in her appearance. It was a blight descending on a blooming orchard, robbing the crowded trees of their fairest blossoms.

"Sit down, young lady!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman; "tell us all your troubles, and make yourself happy!"

"My poor mistress!" cried Gabrielle, wiping her red, overcharged eyes; "what shall I do?"

"Why the deuce did she run away?" asked Chapman.

"I don't know," answered Gabrielle; "it's a secret—something she's been all her life trying to hide. She knows it, and Latour, and that horrible Bernard!"

"Where is she?"

"We can trust you, I know. She's away among the Cheviots, in a hiding place that Latour discovered long years ago. I'm going to her, Mr. Chapman, and I want you—for here I am not known, and can go without suspicion—to let me have some food that I may carry to them in their retreat. It's not so far from this; and if you'll say here that I'm a dressmaker, or a companion, or what you like, then, when I go out for my walk at night, I can carry them food that they may live!"

Mrs. Chapman merely nodded, and bustled out of the room.

"You're a good gal—an uncommon good gal!" said Chapman to the weeping girl; "and there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for you next after Miss Marsden!"

"She's innocent, I'm certain of that! Pure as the morning!" sobbed Gabrielle.

"Here, dear, just you take that!" said Mrs. Chapman, when sundown at last arrived, entering with a basket of food; "just you be off, and I'll sit up for you!"

Gabrielle assented. So it was that, night following night, Gabrielle brought food to the fugitives in their retreat among the hills.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A SINGULAR CANINEOLOGICAL FACT.—A friend of ours owned a black and tan terrier dog that on December 10th, 1864, accompanied his little girl to school, about half a mile from his residence, but of course the dog was not permitted to enter the school room. Being a very handsome animal, it was supposed that some one had enticed him away, as that was the last seen of him, and he was mourned as lost by the children, while the adults of the family shook their heads ominously at what they feared might have been his sad fate, as his non est inventus occurred right in the midst of the sausage season. However, after the lapse of about eight weeks, at about 9 o'clock in the evening of Feb. 3d, as the family were quietly enjoying home comforts around the stove, a yelp was heard outside of the house that was readily recognised as belonging to the long lost Fido; and, on opening the door, in he bounded and gave each a caress, and we need hardly say that he met with a hearty welcome. The little ones exclaimed, "Why where have you been Fido?" but although he wagged his tail, ne'er a tale could he tell, and it remains a subject of wonder as to where he could have been all that time. We have heard and read of dogs following people on long journeys and recognising [illegible] the ex-

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NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

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ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, 22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

TAUNTON.—"In our recent city election considerable betting was carried on by the friends of two men who were mentioned for the City Marshalship. The facts of the case in question are as follows:—No nominations were made for the office of City Marshal, and the betting therefore was made upon the confidence in which each party reposed in their respective friend's chance of being elected. A makes a bet that his friend B will be elected, and C takes him with the bet that his friend D will be elected, no conditions being made, with the exception of one, viz: that if a third party came into the field and was elected, the bets should be drawn. On the night of the election a letter of resignation was read before the Aldermen from B, and D was unanimously elected. Now A, who bet upon B, refuses to allow the stakeholder to give up the stakes to C, for the reason, as he says, that B took himself out of the way, and the money still remains in the hands of the stakeholder. Should C get the money, or should the bets be drawn as A claims?".....The withdrawal of B from the contest causes the bet to be a drawn one.

J. C. G., Chapin's Bluff.—"A, B, C and D are playing a four-handed game of Euchre; A deals; B, C and D pass; A picks it up, when B tells his partner, D, that he will play alone against A and C; he does so, and euchres them, and wishes to count four, but they refuse to allow him any more than two; the result is a bet to be decided by the CLIPPER.".....D is entitled to two points only, having euchred his opponents; his going alone amounts to nothing, for those only who take the responsibility of the trump, that is, take it up, order it up, or make it, have the privilege of going alone; as D did not order it up, he cannot go alone; or, if doing so, can only score two points if he euchres his opponents; a euchre never counts more than two; if it did, one lone player might count four in taking only three tricks, while the other must get all five tricks to count four.

J. W. D., Camp N. Y. Heavy Artillery.—Barlow ran 10 miles in 54 minutes 21 seconds on the Beacon Course, N. J., Nov. 19, 1844, defeating Steeprock, Greenhalgh, Gildersleeve, and five others—six out of the nine who entered made the distance inside the hour. Jimmy White, of Gateshead, Eng., also made ten miles in 58 minutes 40 seconds on the Fashion Course, L. I., July 1, 1861, beating Grindell (who though not in condition ran the distance inside the hour) Bennett, (better known as Deerfoot) vs. Adams, Hobson, Mower, and Nevin—the two latter being famous English runners. Jackson, the American Deer, is said to have accomplished the same distance in 51 minutes 34 seconds, but it was not done in this country, we believe.

BILL SMITH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Our answer to John Lindley in the CLIPPER of Dec. 3, 1864, was as plain as a pike staff, and we never answered otherwise. Molineux fought Burrows, Cribb, twice, Rimmer, Carter, Fuller, twice, and Cooper. Bendigo (Wm. Thompson) fought Caunt, three times, Brassey, Young Langan, Bill Looney, Deaf Burke, and Tom Paddock—previous to which Bendy also fought Faulkes, Smith, Martin, Jackson, Cox, Skelton, Burton, Mason, Winterflood, and the Bingham Champion. It will thus be seen that Bendigo never fought Molineux the Black or any other Molineux.

B.—As neither A or B signed the record of the bet drawn up by the stakeholder, and the latter acknowledges that he had not worded it in accordance with the mutual understanding of the conditions of the bet by A and B, it must be decided on its own merits. A bets that even if commissioners were appointed, they would not be received by Lincoln. The commissioners were appointed, and were received by Lincoln, for it is not absolutely necessary for their reception that it should take place in Washington. In our opinion, therefore, B wins the money.

HOGARTH, Boston.—We scarcely know what to recommend for one in your position; considerable money is made now-a-days by disposing of photographs of actors, actresses, generals, and other prominent characters; novelettes and various other articles; advertising your stock in papers that have a circulation throughout the United States, and filling orders that may be sent to you; this even, would necessitate running to and from the P. O., and keeping up your stock, but a smart lad might do that for you.

DARRICK, St. Louis.—"A and B are playing draw poker. A bets $10 and B calls him; A says he has three Jacks; B shows three aces; whereupon A shows four Jacks. B holds that A has lost because he miscalled his hand. Who is right and who wins?".....A wins, as his cards show for themselves. The practice, however, of miscalling the hand is to be reprobated, and is sometimes done by mutual agreement of the players, that it shall forfeit whatever it may be entitled to.

R. D. A., Hartford.—"Two persons are playing seven up; one man is five, the other six; the one that is six deals the cards, the other stands his hand, and leads the ace of trumps—his opponent plays the Jack of trumps on his ace, which takes it, and then his opponent, after throwing away his Jack, shows the deuce of trumps. Which man goes out first?".....The dealer is out first, low counting before Jack.

WM. P. THORN, Secretary of Empire Base Ball Club, St. Louis.—We don't know which is the best base ball club in Chicago. We presume, however, that the secretary of some one of the clubs in that city will open a correspondence with you on reading this, with the view of bringing about a match. This correspondent says that the Empire Club, St. Louis, would like to play a friendly game with the best club in Chicago.

FARO.—"A is dealing faro with a ten or twenty thousand dollar bank and restricts his bets to a hundred dollar limit. B and C size up with each other—B bets six hundred and C coppers five hundred. The card on which the bets are placed splits. How much is A entitled to take?".....The most experienced players in this city decide that A is entitled to half the amount for the card split.

ALBANY JACK, Mound City.—Both Jim Coburn's fights with Jack Looney took place near St. Louis—the first, (won by Coburn,) on Aug. 8, 1858, 64r., and the second, Nov. 27, 1858, 70r., 11m., when darkness came on. Another meeting was appointed two days afterwards, but owing to a disagreement about a referee, the money, $80, was awarded to Looney.

SPORTING FRIENDS, Trenton, N. J.—1. You will find the rules of Archery in the edition of Hoyle's Games published by Henry F. Anners, Philadelphia. Just now our space will not admit of an extended article on the subject, but as soon as we can we will give it attention, and the rules at the same time. 2. See remarks in another column.

SHERMAN, Chicago.—"A has a silver quarter in his hand. He makes a bet with B that he has it in his hand, and of course wins. Can A claim the money? In other words, is betting on a certainty any bet at all?".....A man can win on a certainty, provided he does not use any artifice or fraud to induce a person to bet with him.

G. B., Philadelphia.—1. The New Arch Street Theatre will seat more people than the New Chestnut. 2. The lady has no fixed salary, but receives a certain share of each night's receipts. 3. Johnny Lazarus can give you lessons in self-defence. You will find his address in an advertisement in another column.

CORPORAL H., Petersburg, Va.—1. The pitcher can put a man out between bases by touching him with the ball, whether the pitcher is on a base or not. Any player in the field can put an adversary out by touching him, with ball in hand, when the latter is off the base.

SERGEANT T. SULLIVAN, Camp near Petersburg.—A challenge bearing your signature has been sent us, but as we cannot determine whether it is genuine, or sent for the purpose of injuring you in some way, we have concluded that it is most advisable to omit it.

READER, Baltimore.—The signs of a pure black and tan are, hair of a fine silky texture, tail thin, the toes tencilled with a line of black, and the small round tan spot, or "beauty spot" as it is called on the cheek, clearly defined. He should have no white about him.

DUTCHTOWN.—The lady's conduct was very imprudent, and your's not much better. It was the duty of the young man to see his faithless charge safely home, no matter what her conduct may have been. The girl will very likely shake you at the first opportunity that offers.

J. NEILL, Buffalo, N. Y.—The fight between the dogs Boney and Tinker came off at Bronte, 13 miles form Hamilton, C. W., on Feb. 5th, 1857. Boney won in two hours and five minutes, and both eventually died.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—"Two parties are tossing a coin—heads or tails—has the party tossing any advantage over the party guessing? If so, what? A bets that it is an even thing; B bets that the loser has the best of it. Which wins?".....A wins.

READER.—In the fight between Charley Walker and Harry Abrams, in a room in Prince street, after they had been fighting 18 rounds in 26 min, the police interfered and arrested one of the parties, making it a drawn battle.

J. M., Seneca Falls, N. Y.—Tim McCarthy, formerly of the Fourth Ward, was referee in the fight between Marley and Devine. The fight was awarded to Devine, but Marley got the money.

SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn.—"In rattling, B throws 42; B buys A's throw (not chance); A's throw wins—the winner has to pay for wine. Has A or B to pay for the wine?".....B has to pay for it.

K., Lancaster, Pa.—"At cribbage, L and K played their hands in the following order, L having the lead:—4, 2, 3, 1, 4, 1, 2. The last deuce was played by K, for which he claimed a sequence; was he right?".....No. There was no sequence for the last deuce.

PAVILION, Troy.—The New Bowery will seat more people than the Philadelphia Academy, and the New Sindt Theatre in the Bowery will seat more than any other establishment in this country.

LIGHT ARTILLERY, near Richmond, Va.—"At cribbage, A plays an 8, B a 6, C a 7, and D a 6. Can C and D each take a sequence of three?".....C can, but D cannot.

CHAS. GREEN, in front of Petersburg.—Con. Orem and

CALIFORNIAN.—1. Louisa Kellogg made her public *debut* Feb. 27, 1861, in the opera of "Rigoletto," at the Academy of Music. 2. The lady is not engaged as you state. 3. The names of the fast stock lately owned by Frank Baker, are Ethan Allen and Honest Allen. 4. The best time made double or single is 2:19¾, which was done by Flora Temple, single, and by Ethan Allen and running mate double.

A. C., Portsmouth.—1. What do you mean by "the starter?" We know of no such term in cribbage. 2. For a flush in crib it is necessary that all the cards, including the turned up card, should be of the same suit. 3. An ace counts as one in a sequence, thus: 1, 2, 3, etc.; but not with the king, as queen, king, ace.

MACK, Johnsonville, Tenn.—1. If your adversary scored more points than he was entitled to, you, according to the rules in cribbage, might put back all in excess that he had taken, and have added the same number to your own score. 2. If your opponent took less than he was entitled to, he could not rectify his mistake, but you could not claim any other forfeiture.

B. A., Atlanta, Ill.—"A and B sit down to play a game of dominoes, no number of points stated; A bets B that he goes out in two hands. After playing the two hands out, A gets up and goes out of doors. Who wins the bet?".....B wins.

A. W. W., Fort Independent.—1. Heenan and King fought on the 10th of December, 1863—King the winner in 25r. 35m. 2. Inquire of Tom Grew, Portland street, Boston.

DOC., Princeton.—Your two old players are two old noodles. The idea that if you hold a hand which contains neither ace, face card or trump, you can demand a new deal, is perfect nonsense.

SPORTSMAN'S HALL, Camp Graham.—1. The third man cannot give; it rests with the dealer. 2. If you are within express bounds that would be the safest way.

LAW SUIT.—George Jones, called the Count Johannes, was born in England in 1810. He was manager of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre in 1839. He has played on the stage.

ENQUIRER.—Actors are called Thespians because one of the earliest was named Thespis, who, in a wagon at Athens, first acted tragedy, 535 years before B. C

TROJAN, Troy.—Addie Anderson is at present "laying up" at Boston.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—1. At present in Philadelphia. 2. Is a widow. 3. Zoe will not appear in your city again this season.

CONSTANT READER, Newark.—1. Mollie is not married. 2. Major Pauline Cushman is not dead.

H. W.—One thousand dollars, American (gold; money is worth £100 English money.

DRAMA, Philadelphia.—Mr. J. B. Roberts receives pupils when he is in the Quaker City, and prepares them for the stage.

G. S., Cleveland.—We cannot inform you; some of our advertisers may, perhaps, be able to enlighten you.

G. R., Philadelphia.—We have more matter of that kind on hand than we can find room for.

W. F. B., Paterson.—Earl H. Pierce is dead. He was considered a very clever performer.

BONIFACE.—1. T. J. Peel is considered the champion jig dancer. 2. Little Mac is a white individual.

C. R., City Point.—The height of the highest liberty pole in West Broadway is 185 feet.

C. R., Chattanooga, Tenn.—One mile, by Saunterer at Newmarket, Eng., in 1m. 40⅘ secs.

BROWN, Buffalo, N. Y.—John C. Heenan is the party represented in Kehoe's lithographs.

J. R.—Mr. Samuel French, 122 Nassau street, can furnish you with a copy of the play.

J. W. J., Prescott.—1. The dealer does not lose his Jack. 2. He cannot play the card—it counts immediately it is turned up.

HAMLET, Albany.—Mrs. Emily Jordan is the wife of George Jordan.

C. B. J., Stratford.—He is only obliged to show to the party who pays for the privilege.

T. B. W., National Hotel, Norfolk, Va.—Mills ran one mile in 4 min. 20¼ secs, on the 23d of April, 1864.

TIM MONAGHAN.—We have a letter for you.

JOHNNY HICKEY.—A letter for you.

JACK TURNER.—A London letter awaits you at this office.

PIP, Nashville.—Items always acceptable.

F. G. L., Chicago.—The CLIPPER of those dates is out of print.

VIATOR, Paterson.—Have not got the back numbers you want.

MONS., Delphi.—Some of our advertisers can supply you.

ARCHERY.—As an out-door exercise, we know of nothing that is better adapted to the fair sex than archery. It is calculated to expand the chest, to strengthen the muscles of the arms and "limbs," to cultivate an erect posture, and to give an easy and graceful carriage. In Great Britain, where archery was once a part of military education, as those who have read or heard of Robin Hood and his merry men well know, it now forms one of the chief amusements, and an archery tournament is one of the most pleasant, exhilarating and unexceptionable gatherings of a sporting nature; the more so, because in it husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, the wooer and the wooed can enter the lists as competitors. In this country it has not been much cultivated, that is, the kind here treated of; but in that branch of it over which that mischievous little god Cupid is supposed to reign supreme, we are well aware that the lovely women of America are the most accomplished adepts, and rarely fail to hit the "bull's eye." We have said that archery as a sport has not been fostered here to any extent, but we hope the contrary will soon be the case. The first archery association we have heard of here, was one recently established in Westchester county, N. Y., but whether it is still in existence or not is more than we can tell. We are pleased to learn, however, that at Trenton, N. J. they are forming an archery club, to be known as the "Golden Archers," which we hope is destined to become a permanent institution.

"OIL SMELLERS."—Out of the oil regions a new class of beings have sprung into existence, but whether they oozed up along with other "indications," or came naturally, we don't know. The men comprising this addition to the seers of the country are called "oil smellers," who profess to be able to ascertain the proper spot for boring by smelling the earth. Some of them are said to practice considerable mummery in order to mystify and impress their employers. The "American News Company" have published a little work called "Petroleum," which gives some very interesting information concerning Petroleum; how to sink wells, "oil smellers," where oil is found, what it is, how some very poor men have made very large fortunes in a few days, and how rich men have lost fortunes in an equally brief space of time. It is quite a readable book, independent of its value as a guide to parties about to "wade in." It tells of one man who raked up his last dollar to enable him to make a purchase of forty acres of land, which four years ago cost him $1000. In January, of this year, he sold one-twelfth interest in a single well on the land for $250,000! No wonder men go crazy about oil! Get this little book and read about oil.

ALL QUIET.—Sporting affairs are evidently in a transition state, winter recreations being on the wane, while the necessary preparations for our spring and summer sports are just beginning to awaken attention. Skating and sleighing, of which we have had a plenty, are now thawed out; cards, chess, checkers, billiards, and other indoor pastimes still attract some attention, but even these, as the spring advances, will lose their fascinations, and the "field and flood" will in good time be covered with ball clubs, turfmen, yachtmen and jolly watermen generally. The period in which we gradually shake off our winter habits and don the welcome garb of the summer is always a sort of quiet, inactive season, when sporting affairs may be said to be dormant, until a mild type of "spring fever" sets in, and then all is life once more, and the "gay sport" comes forth in search of green fields, greener countrymen, and pastures new.

A CROSS.—In our foreign P. R. department may be seen an account of a pugilistic contest between a couple of pugs in England, who, it appears, had agreed to make a cross of the affair, and thus swamp the backers of one of the men; but the thing became so transparent as the battle progressed, that the backers of the parties seized one of the fraudulent pugs, and administered to him a sound drubbing. The P. R. in England is getting to as low an ebb, almost, as our own, and unless the dead beats are beaten out of it, the "magic circle" will soon come to an end.

FRIERY'S CASE.—Although Friery was sentenced to be hanged on the 31st of this month, yet the sentence will not be carried out on that day. His counsel made application last week for a writ of error, with the view of a new trial, or having the sentence set aside; the writ was granted, and the case will come up before the Court of Appeals, but not before June, so that the execution of Friery will be deferred until the whole matter is settled by the Court of Appeals.

PRETTY.—"Our Jim" writes for the CLIPPER. His latest and most brilliant effort is worthy of the pen of John Brougham. Says he, in a highly-seasoned scrap of "yaller" paper—"I never read the CLIPPER that it doesn't remind me of a paper of needles, because it is so full of fine points." Jimmy will yet attain "the highest round in the ladder of fame," or we much mistake the "indications."

SKATING.—Sports on the ice are done with for this season, in this vicinity, and in view of the fact that we have had almost twice as many days' skating this season as we had last year, it will not be regretted that the recreation is to give place to other and equally enjoyable sports. The Capitoline and Union Ponds, Brooklyn, are to be drained off next week, preparatory to placing them in order for ball play.

A CURE FOR THE USE OF TOBACCO in chewing, smoking, and snuffing, has been discovered by Dr. Byrn, and is sent post paid by mail for fifty cents by Day & Son, 76 Church street, New Haven, Conn. It

NEW YORK ALL ALIVE

Free Show.

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1865, will ever be remembered as one of the most brilliant days in the history of New York. As we write the sun is shining brightly, not a cloud is to be seen, while the air is so pure and invigorating that nothing is wanting to give *eclat* to the celebration now going on in honor of the great Union victories which recently crowned the efforts of Gens. Sherman, Thomas, Terry, Schofield, Schimmelfinnig, and the grand armies of veteran Union soldiers who do the fighting. When New York sets out to do anything, she *does* it, and that, too, in no niggard style. To-day New York is all alive—the glorious stars and stripes are floating from almost every prominent place in the city; in fact, the metropolis is wrapped in the American flag—the streets are crowded with men, women, children, and peace-at-any-price people who are more than usually peaceable *this* day in the face of our great Union demonstration—most places of business are closed, and nearly everything of a business character is suspended—the city itself is a sight without reference to the procession, "and is alone worth the price of admission." But the grand parade, or free street show—what shall we say of that? It is a "big thing," most certainly, and a sight not often witnessed, even in the Metropolis of the Western World. The military are out, "horse, foot, and dragoon;" the firemen are out, with steamers, hand engines, carriages, hook and ladder trucks, and all the paraphernalia belonging thereto; the trades are out, with mechanics at work at their forges, looms, benches, etc.; the sailors are in line with full rigged ships and monitors, and other craft, and the jolly Jack Tars make a fine display; tradespeople are also in, distributing wines, coffee, bread, etc., without money and without price; the art preservative of all arts is represented by the types, and their confreres the lightning press men; the elephant and camel, and various other representatives of the animal kingdom are performing their part in the great drama in the streets of New York, and bear their honors with calm submission and resignation; societies of all kinds assist to make up the display; in fact, such a free show, combining so many and such varied attractions we have not had, probably, since the introduction of Croton water into the city, and that was long before Kirby died. The procession is computed to be seven miles in length, and occupies four hours in passing a given point. Hurrah! Three cheers for the armies of the Union and their commanders, an equal number for the Navy, a tiger for Schimmelfinnig, and all honor to Gen. Grant, and the President of the United States, for pulling us through so far, successfully.

SHUT OUT.—In consequence of the closing of the Post Office at noon on Monday, we are without our usual letters from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and various other points, which generally come to hand during Monday afternoon. This will account for the non-appearance of the favors of some of our correspondents.

FIRE.—The burning of Columbia, South Carolina, in revenge for the cowardly assassination of our soldiers, was a Capital proceeding.

EXCITING FOOT RACES IN BOSTON.

WM. SULLIVAN WINNER OF THE SILVER CUP FOR AMATEURS.

Jimmy Griffin takes the $100 Prize in a Five Mile Race.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF DEERFOOT, THE INDIAN.

OUR pedestrianic friends in Boston are beginning to bestir themselves in resuscitating the health-imparting, invigorating, and exciting sport of foot-racing, which for the past four years, or since the breaking out of the rebellion, has been lying dormant, and with such a promising commencement as the races referred to below, we have reason to hope that the coming spring and summer will witness a series of good, honest, straight-forward contests in the pedestrian arena. It lies with the peds. themselves alone to see that no double-dealing is allowed, and when it is once known that everything is regular and on the square, the sport will not die out for want of patronage.

The inaugural in pedestrianism took place on the 4th of March, about the same time as Father Abraham, Uncle Billy Seward, and others interested in the Lincoln inauguration at the White House, were tripping the light fantastic toe, or taking their tod, or otherwise enjoying themselves after the arduous process of going through a second time was gone through with by Long Abe. The place selected for the running was the International Circus, National Theatre Building, Portland street, where quite a large crowd assembled to witness a one mile race between amateurs for a silver cup, and a five mile contest for a purse of $100. To accomplish one mile, the contestants had to go round the ring forty-two times, but owing to there not being sufficient space for all to run and have a fair show without running foul of each other, they had to do their mile singly, one at a time.

Indian Joe was the first to start in the one mile race for amateurs. He started out in good style, but soon exhibited signs of fatigue, and at the end of the first half mile gave out entirely and left the ring.

Patrick Cokely, of Charlestown, was the next runner. Cokely had previously distinguished himself in pedestrian contests, and cries of "professional" were made by some in the audience who desired that he might be barred out of an amateur's race, but the objection was not of sufficient weight to influence the judges, and he went to work, accomplishing his mile in 5.40.

John Clifford, of Charlestown, was third on the list. Clifford showed himself a good runner at the outset, and kept his gait pretty evenly throughout, making 15 seconds better time than Cokely, viz., 5.25.

Indian Sabattis now entered the ring, but he failed to show a much better performance than his red brother who had preceded him. Indian No. 2 was brought up at the end of 6.5.

John Leavitt, of Boston, who was No. 5 on the list, made his mile in 5.55.

William Sullivan, of Boston, the successor of Leavitt, went into the contest in good earnest, and early in the race showed that he was intending to give Clifford a good pull. He not only struck a rapid gait but displayed his ability to keep it without any great difficulty. At the end of the fortieth time around the ring, he was stopped by mistake, but was immediately started again, and the two remaining circuits were timed separately from the previous part of the mile. The time of the whole mile was 5.16. The first forty rounds were done in 5.5.

John Williams closed the race, running his mile in 5:30.

The judges gave the cup to Sullivan, and Clifford objected to the arrangement, claiming that the recipient had not won it fairly. Sullivan declined to receive it unless he could have a clear title to it, and readily assented to Clifford's proposal to run another mile for its possession.

It having been determined to decide the race for the cup later in the evening, the five-mile runners were brought out. They were three in number; viz., James Griffin, Patrick Cokely, and an Indian calling himself "Deerfoot." "Deerfoot," like the two other copper-colored gentlemen, belongs to the Tonawanda tribe.

The three men ran together, the Indian having the inside, Cokeley being second and Griffin outside at the start. Griffin took the lead, and the Indian and Cokely trailed behind him. Somewhere about the 10th circuit (the whole five miles being two hundred and ten times around the ring) Griffin began to let himself out, and was soon at Cokely's heels, who was third in the race. On the 17th round he passed him, and then came the tug between Griffin and the Indian. Griffin's first mile was made in 5.40. On the 46th round Griffin gave the Indian the go-by, and on the 51st Cokely did the same thing. Griffin speedily closed up the gap, and on the 58th round again passed both "Deerfoot" and Cokely. Griffin had now got twice around ahead of both his competitors, and the race was considered as good as won by him already. On the 88th round he again passed the Indian, and on the 89th he took another leave of Cokely. The time of his second mile was not registered. Griffin showed no signs of fatigue, while both his competitors began to slacken their pace. On the 100th round he passed both of them for the fourth time. Shortly after, the Indian gave in beaten on his 99th round, and left the ring. Cokely manfully stuck to his work, although Griffin was evidently too much for him, and the contest was kept up. Griffin performed his first three miles in 19 minutes. On the 194th round Griffin went by Cokely for the fifth time, and was quickly at his heels again. Time of first four miles, 30:30. On the 176th Griffin again left Cokely in the rear, and on the 190th, 204th, and 208th circuits, went through the same performance for the seventh, eighth, and ninth times. Griffin consequently came in nine rounds ahead (about 375 yards); time, 31:33.

The contest between Clifford and Sullivan was now resumed and finished. Clifford ran first, scoring his first half mile in 2:40, and his whole mile in 5:40. Sullivan ran the first half mile in 2:33, and the whole distance in 5:25, thus getting 15 seconds ahead of his competitor and again winning the cup.

THAT MEMBER OF CANINE ARISTOCRACY, the dog Duke, pertaining to the estate of Mr. Harry Jennings, of Boston, and that other belligerent quadruped, the dog Danger, belonging to Mr. Thos. Tugman, are to be set in battle array in Patrick Carrol's pit, Philadelphia, on April 3d, for the sum of $500 a side, Harry to receive $50 for defraying the expenses of the journey of his highness, the Duke, and escort, to Philadelphia. The final stakeholder has $100 from the first party of the first part, and another $100 from the first party of the second part, as security for the faithful performance of the several items, duly set forth in the articles of agreement, by their respective clients.

A K IX SET 2 came off at Tonawanda, near Buffalo, recently, between the dogs Pepper and Jack, the former owned by J. Neill, the latter by Geo. Vine, at 42 lbs. weight, for $200 a side. Both dogs fought well for 20 minutes, after which Pepper took the lead and killed his opponent in 35 minutes. J. Neill, of 51 Lloyd street, Buffalo, says that his dog Vine can be backed against any 38 or 39 lbs. dog in the United States, for $500 a side, in six weeks after the first deposit. This challenge can be taken up through the CLIPPER or by letter.

CANINE CONTEST IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The match between the Pat O'Donnell dog "Boxer," and the McCormick dog "Jack, (better known as Stumpy,) both 30 lbs. weight, will take place on Tuesday, March 28th, at 3 o'clock P. M., for a purse of $200. The match has been made by Ben Steavington, of Covington, Ky., and a rattling fight is expected, as both dogs have figured in the ring before. It will be recollected that Boxer is the dog that was defeated by McCormick's dog Cribb last fall, in a fight of three hours duration. A lively time is anticipated on the occasion.

PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH—TAYLOR VS. THE JERSEY BOY.—The lovers of pigeon shooting in this locality will have an opportunity on Wednesday, the 8th inst., of witnessing two matches between those two renowned crack shots, John Taylor, of Jersey City, and William Seeds of Trenton, better known as the Jersey Boy. The first match is for $150 a side, to shoot at 25 double birds each; the second match, for the same amount, at 50 single

COCKING.

Main between Kalamazoo and Detroit.

A MAIN of stags* between the Kalamazoo stock of fowls and those of Detroit was fought on the evening of the 25th Feb. Our correspondent "Gross Isle," in a communication dated Detroit, Feb. 27th, gives us the following account of the proceedings:

By the articles of agreement this main was fought at the pit attached to the saloon of Mr. Arthur Gore, on Jefferson Avenue, which is unquestionably one of the finest pits in the United States, perhaps in the world; being built expressly for the purpose, the accommodations are excellent. The house was crowded, and among the audience we noticed some of our most respected and wealthy business men, as well as city officials, who seemed to enjoy the sport vastly. The conditions of the main were, that each party should show (11) eleven from (4) four pounds to 4 lb. 12 oz., fight all that fell in, give or take (2) two ounces, for $10 a battle, and $200 the odd fight, to take place according to the rules of the Detroit Pit, and to be fought with 1¾ inch heels. Two umpires and a referee were chosen, and a well known sporting gentleman selected as timekeeper, (30) thirty seconds being allowed between each and every set-to.

Everything being in readiness, Mr. Henry Chappell appeared for Detroit, and Mr. Jas. H. Canniff as representative of the Kalamazoo fowls; and here let me remark, that it has never been my pleasure to see two more gentlemanly or accomplished handlers enter a pit, scarcely a word being exchanged between them during the whole contest, and then in a strictly courteous manner.

The first pair introduced was a Kelly gray for Kalamazoo and a black red for Detroit, they being the bottom weights, 4 lbs. This was won by Detroit after a very severe and desperate fight, the Kalamazoo fowl dying in the pit, head to his opponent, and proving beyond a doubt his "dead game" qualities.

The next weights were 4 lb. 7 oz., Detroit showing a black red, Kalamazoo a Kelly gray. This was not a very exciting battle, the gray winning by his superior game qualities, after being outfought at every point.

Fight number three was a pair weighing 4 lb. 3 oz. each, Detroit showing a splendid white leg Derby of handsome plumage and fine station, his eyes sparkling like diamonds, which seemed to reflect confidence in his handler. On the part of Kalamazoo another Kelly gray was brought in. After billing, and the fowls being set, the Derby darted like lightning upon his adversary, giving him a severe cut and a brain blow, which rendered him senseless; while in that condition he was beat about the pit like a foot ball; during this time all sorts of odds were offered on the Detroit bird, but gradually the gray rallied under this severe punishment, when he in turn charged his opponent, and the fighting became perfectly terrific, the Kalamazoo bird coming off victorious once more. This was par excellence, *the* fight of the main.

For battle number 4, Kalamazoo showed a red Dominick, Detroit a black breasted red; weight 4 lb. 4 oz. This was a fair even fight, the Dominick being severely punished at the commencement, but his good cutting and game qualities brought him out triumphant.

Battle number 5—weights 4 lb. 8 oz.—another black red was shown by Detroit, and another Kelly gray for Kalamazoo. Handlers to their corners and the fows being set, time was called, the birds let loose, when the gray shot like a bullet from a rifle, with one bill hold and with a long shuffle, which carried the red half way round the pit, and ended this fight and the main victoriously for Kalamazoo stock.

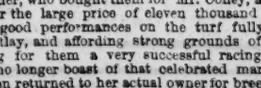
After the termination of the main there were a number of finely contested fights; Mr. Jennings and Mr. McDermott fought a very fine battle, in which Mr. Jennings' bird proved victor. Also, two matches between Mr. J. and Mr. Hawley Chappell, each winning one. Two choice birds were also fought by Mr. O'Hare, which proved victors.

Thus ended the best evening's sport of this truly fine old English amusement we have ever witnessed.

It is expected that several mains will be fought before Easter Monday, and should anything of particular interest take place you may expect to hear from, yours truly, "GROSSE ISLE."

* Stag—a term used by fanciers of the game fowl to denote a cock bird not twelve months old.

THE TURF.



Cincinnati Spring Racing Meeting, 1865.

To commence
ON TUESDAY, JUNE 20,
AND CONTINUE FOUR DAYS.
AMOUNT OF PURSES $3,650.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY,

Spencer House Stake of $100 each, half forfeit, $300 added by the proprietor of the Spencer House; for colts and fillies now three years old; to name and close April 1st, 1865. Three to enter to fill. Mile Heats.

SAME DAY.—Purse $400—Mile heats, for all ages.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY,

Purse $600—Two Mile heats, for all ages.

SAME DAY—Purse $350—One and a half mile dash; selling race. Horses entered to be sold for $1,000, to carry their proper weight; if entered to be sold for $750, allowed 7 lbs; if entered to be sold for $500, allowen 14 lbs; if entered to be sold for $250, allowed 21 lbs. ANY HORSE ENTERED AND NOT TO BE SOLD, TO CARRY 10 LBS. EXTRA, the winner to be sold by auction after the race. Any surplus to go to the manager. The owner to retain his horse should he not go over the price entered to be sold for.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY,

Mill Creek House Stake; Purse $500—the gift of the owners of the Mill Creek House—mile heats, best 3 in 5.

SAME DAY—Sweepstake of $50 each, half forfeit; $150 added for colts and fillies now two years old. To name and close 1st April, 1865. Three to enter to fill; half mile.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY,

Burnett House Stake of $100 each; half forfeit; $500 added by the proprietor of the Burnett House. For colts and fillies now three years old. To name and close the 1st of April, 1865. Three to enter to fill. Two mile heats.

SAME DAY—Purse $1000—Three mile heats for all ages.

The above races to be governed by the rules and regulations of the Lexington, Ky., Association. No deduction for a walk over. No postponement in regard to the weather. No gambling allowed on the track. Ladies admitted free to the stand, when accompanied by gentlemen.

All the entries for the above stakes to name and close with the Secretary, ABE CARROLL, Burnett House, Cincinnati, on or before the 1st of April, 1865. R. UNDERWOOD,
46-tf Manager.

THE APPROACHING RACING SEASON.

ARRIVAL OF CAPT. MOORE'S HORSES FROM VIRGINIA.

STABLES OF THE NORTH.

THE racing community seems to be awakening from the state of inactivity and torpor in which it has existed throughout the winter months, and the busy hum of preparation begins to be heard among the various training stables in the North. During the past week, Captain T. M. Moore's string of thoroughbreds arrived at their training quarters at Centreville Course, L. I., from Wheeling, Va., where they have been located throughout the winter, and will at once be put into regular work. His stable comprises Beacon, a 4 yr. old bay colt by Lexington out of Bayleaf; Maiden, a bay 3 yr. old filly, by the same sire out of Kitty Clarke; Blue Flag, a 3 yr. old filly by Lexington out of Hennie Farrow; a 4 yr. old, brother to Jack Malone; a 2 yr. old colt by Lightning out of Eagle's dam, and a 2 yr. old bay filly by Lexington out of a Glencoe mare. Beacon and Maiden, it will be remembered, were bought last fall by Captain Moore of Mr. Alexander, who bought them for Mr. Coffey, a gentleman of this city, for the large price of eleven thousand dollars; their unusually good performances on the turf fully justifying so large an outlay, and affording strong grounds of confidence in anticipating for them a very successful racing career. This stable can no longer boast of that celebrated mare Idlewild, as she has been returned to her actual owner for breeding purposes. For several years Capt. Moore rented her racing qualities, training her himself, and winning with her a vast number of races, and a corresponding large amount of money in stakes and bets. At one time, when in her prime, the Captain believed her to be invincible, and she could have been matched against any horse in the world at two miles, for any sum up to one hundred thousand dollars. In her case we may fairly expect that "blood will tell," and that her produce will inherit in an equal if not superior degree, her extraordinary qualities of speed and endurance.

Col. Philo C. Bush's training quarters are, as usual, at Jamesburgh, N. J., and in his stable will be found his last year's purchase, Lexicon, a promising 5-year old by Lexington out of a Glencoe mare. Fleetwing, 5-year old by Balrownie out of Rhoda; Lulleme, a 4-year old filly by Lexington, dam Rosette; Silkstone, a 3-year old by Lapidist, dam Pauline; and the following fine two year olds by Lapidist; viz.: Maelstroom, dam Parachute by imp Yorkshire; Belladonna, dam Madonna by Yorkshire, and Satinstone, dam Rhoda by imp Glencoe. These are the first of Lapidist's stock that have ever been trained here, and turfmen and breeders await their *debut* on the turf with considerable interest. Himself an imported horse, by the world famous Touchstone, the sire of a hundred winners, for many years the most fashionable stallion in England, and for whom his owner, the Marquis of Westminster, when applied to name the price he would take for him, declared that "the entire United States could not buy him," it is by no means improbable that his stock in this country may turn out as brilliantly as those of his sire have done at home. So highly does Colonel Bush think of them, that he is willing to match the above named trio against any other three 2-year olds owned by one individual in the country for one thousand dollars each race.

Mr. James S. Watson's stable, at Valley Brook, N. J., under the able management of Mr. Littlefield, is this year very strong in point of numbers. There is the six year old Captain Moore, considered by many Balrownie's best and fastest son; Aldebaran, a five year old by Commodore out of Nannie Lewis; Julius, a three year old, son of Lexington, out of Julia, and a host of others whose names we can better give after paying a promised visit to the stable at an early day. Mr. Hunter has, or will have, no less than ten in training, as soon as he gets fairly established at his quarters at the Paterson track. Mr. Minor, as heretofore, has charge of the lot, which comprises the St. Leger winner Kentucky; his half brother Arcola, both four year olds; the three year old Saratoga, by Knight of St. George out of a Glencoe mare; Oliata, by Lexington out of Fanny Fern; Alexandra, by Sovereign, dam by Glencoe; Mary Howell, by Revenue, dam by Wagner, and four others. Mr. Morris has ten in training, including the Evergreen Throgsneck; that slashing son of Slasher, Lord Monmouth and others. Mr. Jacob Pincus has Eagle and an imported mare by Slane, with some young ones; his quarters will be at the Paterson track. David McCoul has Black Knight, by Knight of St. George out of Annie Ferris, and Knightlock, by Mahomet out of Lizzie W.'s and Sympathy's dam, at the Hoboken track, where Eph. Snedicor

THE RING.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH,

and all the Champions and Gymnasts
USE KEHOE'S CLUBS, FOR
STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING THE MUSCULAR SYSTEM.
Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs, $5 per pair; Clubs 10 to 12 lbs $6 to $7 per pair.
Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE,
Box 4819, Post Office, New York,
will receive immediate attention.
All orders outside of New York City must be accompanied by the money. 45-tf

THE WHITE HOUSE,
No. 113 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SPORTING WORLD.
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PEINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
39 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'

PATENT INFALLIBLE
MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, &c., IN DOGS, and all other Animals. Sold by the Patentee at Fifty cents per Box, or $4 per doz. Druggists and Shippers supplied, by
HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 48

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS
has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
228 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
198 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
24-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 41-

Sample Rooms,
22 ELM STREET, BOSTON,
FENTON & DOLE.....Proprietors.
Constantly on hand, the best of
WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
T. W. FENTON, [26 6m] A. S. DOLE.

Come and see the Smallest Dogs in the WORLD—Together with a fine collection of Japanese Rats, all colors, naturally tame, and a number of the Canine Race; also, a fine Picture Gallery. These dogs are kept for stock, and can be seen at FLETCHER'S Hotel, N. W. corner of Thirteenth and Girard Avenue. Rats always on hand and good accommodation for dogs.
☞ Dogs trimmed and treated for all diseases. 39-tf

Bexiana.---For Sale, a Copy of Pierce Egan's edition, with all of Smeeton's original and characteristic plates, in good condition; 4 vol. 8vo., profusely illustrated with portraits of all the old boxers, &c., &c. Also, a copy of PIERCE EGAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS, now very scarce and rarely to be had. Apply at this Office. 44-tf

The California Exchange,
NO. 498 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
DICK HOLLIWOOD, Proprietor.
Messrs. Fitzgerald & McAtee having bought out the above well known house, and re-stocked it with the
CHOICEST ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS,
Request a call from all their sporting and other friends, and assure the public of polite attention and everything of the best brands. SPARRING LESSONS GIVEN.
A SPLENDID BALL ROOM is attached. 43-3m*

Strangers Visiting the City in search of legitimate pleasure and amusement, will not half-fulfill their mission if they neleot to institute their personal enquiries at "THE EXCHANGE," of HARRY HILL, No. 26 East Houston street, where genial fun and frolic, under the most rigid surveillance, and therefore characterized by proper decorum of conduct and conversation, albeit ever and anon enlivened by the choicest Ales, Wines, Brandies, &c., rule the passing hour. 46-3m*

Champion Music Hall,
654 BROADWAY. 654
The only place of amusement on Broadway where strangers and friends meet with reception alike, the Champion being the acknowledged headquarters of the mirth-loving fraternity of New York, and the only place where visitors can receive sterling information as regards the sporting events on the "tapis." All parties would do well to pay it one visit.
THE MOST COMPLETE GALLERY OF SPORTING PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE WORLD.
Thirty beautiful lady waiters. Admission free.
CHARLEY GROVESTEEN, Manager.
MISS KATE STANTON, Proprietress. 40-3m*

The Upper Ten,
428 BROOME STREET,
near Broadway.
DICK HOLLYWOOD.....Proprietor.
Private Lessons in the Art of Self-Defence. 46-3m*

Currency House, 106 North Sixth street, two doors above Arch street, Philadelphia. JOHN LAZARUS respectfully informs his New York and Philadelphia friends, and others, that he has opened the above House, and will be glad to see all who may visit Philadelphia. The best of Wines, Ales, Liquors, and Segars always on hand. Kehoe's Clubs, and Boxing Gloves on hand, and lessons in the Art of Self-Defence by JOHN LAZARUS himself. JOHNNY has fixed up his Picture Gallery with all the latest Sporting Prints—Pugilistic, Aquatic, and Trotting. 47-tf

"Ed Wilson," "Ed Wilson,"
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene sts., [48-tf] NEW YORK.

Boxing Gloves for Sale.---The Veteran Master of Ceremonies, OLD BILL TOVEE, will send, on receipt of $6, per express, a superior set of BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union. Gloves cleaned and repaired.
THE ART OF SELF-DEVENCE taught by Mr. Tovee, either at his own or the pupil's residence, on reasonable terms.
WILLIAM TOVEE,
Myrtle Avenue Plank Road, Bushwick, Brooklyn, L. I.
P. O. Address, Box 356, Brooklyn Post Office.
The De Kalb Avenue Cars, Fulton Ferry, take you to the old gentleman's residence.

The GLOBE. - - - By Pat. Dinon.
47 EAST BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Ales, Wines, Liquers, and Segars.
P. S. Banjo and Jig Dancing taught by PAT DINON, the renowned Banjoist and Jig Dancer. 48-4t*

HOME AGAIN.—The eccentric Captain Dominick Lynch, who some months ago sported his figure around Broadway in a somewhat *outre* costume, has got home all hunkydora, and gives a pretty bad account of things in this city. This is a little bit strange, as no man appeared to have enjoyed himself better among the Gotham sports than this same Dominick when he was here, and if he has any better times in Frisco we shall not expect to see him again this way in a hurry. Lynch is a partner of Con Mooney's, the great dog and rooster sport of California.

PATSY MARLEY CHALLENGES ALL CALIFORNIA AT 142LBS.—The money realized at the Marley benefit having dissolved itself into —well, various objects, Patsy is out again with a challenge in which he offers to fight Tom Chandler, or any other man in California, barring a few friends, weighing not over 142lbs, for from $300 to $1,000. Patsy complains of lack of "business," and seems to think California hasn't got enough of ambitious pugilists to make things lively. Not bad for Mr. Marley.

"LOCKED HORNS."—Johnny Devine, a late antagonist of Patsy Marley's, and Mickey Free had a clinch on one of the wharves in San Francisco on the 13th of January, and "made the hair fly" pretty freely before they were separated. Both their figureheads looked somewhat the worse afterwards.

ALMOST A FIGHT—OLD STUMBO VS. THE WOONSOCKET BOY.—The spectators at the Marley and Devine mill in California came within an ace of witnessing another treat while returning to San Francisco on the steamboat. Brock, who rejoices in the comical cognomen of Old Stumbo had been taken a "snootful" or two of Jersey cider, and felt his oats—he therefore called on Barney Farley, better known as the Woonsocket Boy, to put up his dukes, as he thought he could knock all the fight out of him in about three minutes. Stumbo was stripped to the pelt, eager for a clinch, and Barney was rapidly divesting himself of all superfluous toggery, in order to rush to his embrace, when the captain of the steamer, thinking there had been glory enough in one day, put in an appearance and nipped it in the bud. Brock is the same party who fought Devine last June at Black Point near San Francisco, some 76 rounds, when the police interfered and it was not renewed. Efforts were made to get on a match between Tom Chandler and Barney Farley, but the latter appears to fight shy of the ring, only caring to figure with the gloves, as will be seen by his card, issued at his house in the city of San Francisco, and bearing date Jan. 21st. Here's Farley's manifesto:

"I can assure you that I am not at all ambitious of gladiatorial honors—so far the California exhibitions appear little better—and if the P. R. here is to be properly maintained, it must be purged of rowdyism, prejudice, injustice and other abuses as the opposite virtues are its true characteristics.

"What has an honorable or brave man to expect when we are told that the best men left the country, from earlier times up, without alluding to a match, and that an eminent fighter at a battle here, struck a foul blow to avoid threatening danger, though at a loss of $2000. Again: I know from my experience how young men claiming science and prowess will not hesitate—for an imaginary insult—to revenge themselves on inability and age. My own treatment at Dwyer's benefit shows me—with those other named obstacles—how careful I should be in making a match with any one, though even-handed justice held the stakes!—Yours, BERNARD FARLEY, "The Woonsocket Boy."

TOM O'DONNELL, THE SELF STYLED CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIA.—Every year or so we hear of some new fledged mushroom champion of some particular State or country, whose title thereto has puzzled many older heads than ours—at least to find out by what manner of means they had the arrogance to tag on the word "champion" to their names. The latest "champion" is a person calling himself Tom O'Donnell, who went from Australia to California to try and make what money he could, where he was not known. On his arrival in San Francisco, he got up a sparring exhibition the first thing, and, notwithstanding he made out first-rate, on the eve of his departure from American to British Territory, (he left California on the 13th of January,) he shows his appreciation of kindness by the following dolorous farewell card:

"Being about to return to the Australian colonies, where I hope to spend the remainder of my days, I deem it my duty to say a few parting words, lest it would be supposed I left the country in a clandestine manner. To be brief, I am sorry to say I have spent some of the most unhappy days of my life in California, through the neglect and selfish spirit (with a few honorable exceptions,) which pervades the class arrogating to itself the title of "Sporting." I cannot say I have had enemies, nor can I boast of many friends; but among the latter pre-eminently stands that noble hearted fellow, James Mulloy, who, though now in the "sear and yellow leaf," is a living credit to the P. R., with which he has been long and honorably connected; and of Wm. Clarke I can say the same.

Again I say to friends and foes,
My peace with these, my love with those,
While I remain yours respectfully, TOM O'DONNELL."

THE MARTIN AND CO. AFFAIR—CORRECTION.—In our last issue, we announced that the action brought by Peter Martin against the stakeholder, to recover his stake of $1,000 in a recent prize fight, had been dismissed by the Court of Common Pleas. Our authority for this statement was the stakeholder himself, but from the subjoined letter, which we have received from the plaintiff's attorney, we find that such was not the case, and that we were entirely misinformed in the matter.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1866.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* A paragraph contained in your issue of the 4th inst., announcing that the action brought by Martin against Harry Hill to recover the amount of his stakes, had been dismissed by the Court of Common Pleas, has just been brought to my notice. I write this to inform you that you have been deceived in regard to the truth of this matter, and that this statement is *entirely false*, being convinced that when your attention is called to this fact, you will promptly make us amends by publishing this contradiction in the columns of your valuable journal, and thus thwart the sinister designs of the evil disposed persons who have imposed upon you. This action is now upon the calendar, awaiting its turn for trial, and no proceedings whatever, looking to any dismissal, have been or can be in any way taken by the defendant, Harry Hill.

Yours, &c., W. F. KINTZING, Jr.,
Attorney for Peter Martin.

"WHO STRUCK JACK ROOKE?"—To this question, Bob Brettle might answer with pride, "I struck Jack Rooke—with my good left hand, I struck Jack Rooke," for Bob did give him the hottest smack on the mouth that he received all through the so-called fight with Kelly, and had it not been for the interference of Billy Ryall, he would have been nearly clubbed to death. This Rooke is the same gentleman whom the English sporting press eulogized and toadied to because he was said to have remarked that "he would go without his breakfast any morning to fight Joe Coburn," when Coburn was in England, but who, when Joe afterward met him face to face in a sporting house in Dublin, in the presence of our reporter, denied that he ever made use of any such language or ever expressed any desire to fight. Then, in the estimation of the British sporting press, there was nobody like Jack Rooke—now where is he? According to the same authority, a deeper dyed villain never lived than this same Jack Rooke. It is strange how these things work about for good, but we keep the doings of these gentry treasured up for use at the proper time. In this connection, at some future time, we shall have a little plain talk with Jem Mace, who, under the shallow pretense that he has a three months' engagement to "perform" in America (in a horn), contemptably backed out of fighting Joe Wormald, in two months from making the match, which, however, does not surprise us at all, as we know Mace's career too well to be surprised at any such conduct. When his own pals told him to his teeth that his challenge was all empty bounce, we should like to see the man who can consistently uphold him in his last shifty move. Since his tricky backing out of meeting Joe Coburn in Ireland, Jem Mace has got to be looked upon as a suspicious character.

TURN UP IN PITTSBURGH—MACKEY AND WILLIAMS.—On Friday night, Feb. 24th, a fight took place between Paddy Williams and Johnny Mackey, both well known to your readers. The affair occurred under the following circumstances:—About three weeks ago, Williams and Johnny Newell (one of Mackey's scholars), had a rough-and-tumble fight, in which the latter cried enough before either one was hurt, he fearing outside interference. Since that time Williams has been blowing about the affair, and often intimated that he could not only make Newell cry enough, but Mackey also; Mackey heard of this, and of course it caused great enmity between the two. On Friday night they met at the house of the latter, and Williams thinking he was in a good fighting trim, said that he could whip any one in the house, and could even lick the proprietor of that establishment. To this Mackey replied that he was the proprietor, and wished to know how he would have it. Williams said rough-and-tumble, which is his *forte*. Mackey accepted the issue, and everything being ready, they commenced. The fight did not last long, for although Mackey allowed his opponent to get up on three occasions, he eventually made him cry "enough," after punishing him severely. The affair caused considerable excitement among the fancy, and several banters have passed between them. Mackey has offered to fight him a fair stand up fight, for from $10 up to $1,000, at one hour's or one month's notice, he using a pair of common boxing gloves, while Williams could use his bare fists. This is great odds for the smaller man to give, but it has met with no response as yet. Should anything come out of it, I will let you know.

Yours, &c. PUGILIST.

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 3d.

WHERE TO LEARN THE BANJO.—Pat Dinon—one of the old boys, who has won prizes galore for his expertness in the use of his pedals and digits as a jig dancer and banjo player—is now in a position to give instruction in both these accomplishments to all who desire to learn thoroughly and expeditiously. Friend Dinon also keepeth the wherewith to comfort and refresh the inner man in the way of choice wines, etc., all of which, including Dinon himself, may be found in that particular part of the Globe located at 47 East Broadway.

IZZY LAZARUS, JR., has left town to tend bar for his brother, Johnny, at his new saloon in Philadelphia.

A COMPOSITOR FOR OLD BILL TOVEE.—The venerable M. C., is, we are glad to learn, gradually recovering from his late severe sick spell, and will soon be able to officiate again. As he has had heavy bills to meet for doctor's attendance, medicine, etc., some of his staunchest friends have suggested the propriety of giving the old man a bumper benefit to set him on his pins again, notice of which will appear in our next. Let the young fellows take hold in the good work, and do as they would wish to be done by when half a century and more has rolled over their heads.

CON OREM'S FIGHT WITH HUGH O'NEIL.—The long-talked of fight between Con Orem and Hugh O'Neil, took place near Virginia City, Montana Territory, on the 5th of February. There were 186 rounds fought in 3h 5m, at the expiration of which the friends of the principals interfered and caused it to be made a draw. But little science was displayed, give and take being the order of the day, and both men were severely punished. Con Orem's fights with Delano, Davis, and Marley, are already familiar to our readers. Of Hugh O'Neil but little is known, and the only combat we find recorded to his name was with Yank Lacey in 1853.

KEHOE BACK TO TOWN.—S. D. Kehoe, the Man of Clubs, whose volubility, eccentricity, perseverance, and energy have made him one of the celebrities of the day, has returned to this city, after a few days' absence engaged in making contracts for an extensive supply of locust and maple woods, to fill the numerous orders he is continually in receipt of for his famous improved Indian clubs. The King is now "easy," and may be seen any day sunning himself in the gold market.

SPARRING AND GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION IN NASHVILLE.—The gymnast, I. Benedict, gave an exhibition at the Opera House, Nashville, Tennessee, on Friday evening, Feb. 24th. He was assisted by Martin and young Gaffeney of New York, and Jim Smith and Hammer Wilson of Brooklyn. The various gymnastic feats performed by Benedict were greatly applauded by the audience; the breaking of a rock weighing close on 1,000 lbs. on Benedict's breast was attempted by A. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, but owing to the rock being granite and the audience crying out to have it removed from off Benedict after about a half dozen blows were struck, prevented that part of the programme being carried out. After some excellent sparring between young Gaffeney, Wilson, Martin, and Smith, the evening's entertainment wound up by a grand set-to between Benedict and Martin. Benedict showed himself to be a very clever sparrer, and repeatedly the audience applauded him.

NED WILSON OFF FOR PETROLIA.—The deservedly popular landlord of the public, situate on the corner of Bleecker and Greene streets, intends to start in a day or two for the oil regions, not as an oil smeller, or borer, or anything of the kind—neither has he oil on the brain, as some have imagined, but he goes to see the country, and take stock of the chances for opening a hotel in some part of Petrolia. Ned goes first to Franklin, then to Titusville and so on to Oil City. Possibly he may be induced to relate his "experience" at the Stuyvesant on his return—it would "take" immensely. Coburn has been there, and Cusick has been there, but we haven't learned that they struck oil. We shall see what Wilson will do.

BECOME A WILLIAMSBURGHER.—Geo. Leese, the pugilistic Demosthenes, or, as brother Hingston would say, the "Levater Angali Oris" of the ring, has again become a Boniface, having removed his goods and chattels, personal and otherwise, to the suburban districts of Williamsburgh, and settled down in Fourth street, of that famous burgh. Now, that the lecture season is about over, George will stay in hum to sing the praises of his beer and other creature comforts.

FOY MATCHED WITH KELLER.—Patsy Foy, victor in the late fight between himself and Harry Cooper, near Virginia City, N. T., has been matched with a young fellow named Keller, for $100 a side, to come off some time in March.

THE ENTERPRISE CLUB OF BROOKLYN.—Rumor had it at one time that this excellent club designed amalgamation with the Excelsiors, but on the 3d inst., the Enterprise members met together and elected officers for the ensuing season, and made an excellent choice in every instance, Mr. W. H. Murtha being duly installed as President, and Mr. Laidlow as Secretary, the address of the latter being 365 Fulton street, Brooklyn. The Enterprise Club will open play on the Capitoline grounds early in April with a Union prize game.

"MUCH STUDY is a weariness to the flesh," says Solomon: and it may be added that all sedentary employments are injurious, unless the system is gently stimulated and regulated by healthful medication. Brace the nerves, tone the digestive organs, and keep the bowels in order with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and you may safely trust the rest to Providence. K

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

NOTHING whatever has transpired in respect to any future candidate for Wormald. Probably the unsatisfactory nature of the Rooke and Kelly match, may have stopped backers from proceeding in pugnistic matters until they see more disinterested and honest behavior on the part of the big-'uns of the ring.

MACE AND COBURN.

BY the latest advices from New York, we find no further notice taken in respect of any match between these men.—*London Sporting Life, Feb* 18.

Latest advices from London are equally silent in regard to Mace's movements. In fact, the ex-champion seems to be altogether ignored by the entire London sporting press.—ED. CLIP.

THE LATE SHAM ENCOUNTER BETWEEN JACK ROOKE AND TOM KELLY.

In our previous number we gave a full account of the circumstances connected with this palpable robbery, for fight we cannot call it. We had hoped that owing to the extremely bad odour in which the prize ring has latterly been held, in consequence of the brutal propensities of some of its so called professors, combatants as well as non-combatants would have hesitated before repeating any of those dastard practices which have brought so much odium upon the ring. With regard to the principals in the late disgusting exhibition, the next thing to be considered is how to deal with the bets thereon. According to the revised rules of the P. R., the matter is clear, as the words of Rule 19 will show. They are as follows:—"That all bets shall be paid as the battle money after a fight is awarded." And yet in the face of this the same hand that framed the rule decides that in this present instance Kelly is entitled to the stakes, and yet that all bets are off. This verdict will puzzle the best of us. It is said that this strange decision was arrived at in consequence of an allegation that one of the stakes was pulled up by Brettle. It is well known that Rooke only sought to devour some of the sporting fry, for he candidly urged others to get "off" their money. He was thus tacitly admitting what he has done before the stakeholder since, as well as his feigned regrets would allow him, viz.—acknowledged that he had not alone wilfully premeditated a glaring act, but persisted in his scheme of robbery with the most unblushing impudence. Fortunately, however, all bets are "void." Respecting the battle money, we should have preferred that the backers of each man had their own money back, and thus prevent the possibility of this decision being taken as a precedent in future difficulties. We learn that Brettle called upon the stakeholder on Wednesday, and offered to make a fresh match for Rooke to fight Kelly at odds of 2 to 1—in hundreds. It may strike our readers, as it does ourselves, that Rooke and Brettle have made friends again in a remarkably short time, for on one day we find Bob, in a pitch of frenzy, tattooing the body corporate of Rooke as he lay on the snow at Thames Haven, and the next condoling and fraternising with him. The London division, nevertheless, put a charitable interpretation on Bob's conduct, and think that he commiserates the unfortunate, though richly deserved position to which Rooke has brought himself.—*Sporting Life, Feb.* 18.

WALTZING.

AT FIRST they move slowly, with caution and grace,
Like horses when just setting out on a race;
For dancers at balls, just like horses at races,
Must amble a little to show off their paces.

The music plays faster, their raptures begin;
Like lambkins they skip, like tetotums they spin;
Now draperies whirl, and now petticoats fly,
And ancles, *at least*, are exposed to the eye.

O'er the well-polished ball-room in circles they swim;
He smiles upon her, and *she* smiles upon him;
Her hand on *his* shoulder is tenderly placed,
His arm quite as tenderly circles *her* waist.

They still bear in mind, as they're turning each other,
The proverb, "One good turn's deserving another;"
And these *bodily turns* often end, it is said,
In turning the lady's or gentleman's *head*.

GYMNASTIC FEAT AT SEA.

Perilous Situation.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"LAY aft here, for your letters!" shouted the first officer of the ship Corinthian, as he emerged from the companion-way, followed by the steward, who carried a small but well-filled mail bag in his arms.

The words were addressed to the men forward who were loitering about the windlass, some of them directing wistful glances towards the green shores of Oahu near which the vessel was anchored, and others gazing aloft at the shining topmasts which had been newly scraped and polished on the previous day.

The mate did not, of course, find it necessary to repeat an order which is ever hailed with delight by men who have not heard from home for a period of many months. There was a "general rush" for the quarter-deck, and in the course of a few minutes every letter had been distributed to its rightful claimant.

One of the seamen—a noble looking young sailor—tore open the envelope that bore his name with an eagerness that did not fail to attract the attention of his shipmates, and after he had perused the enclosed pages his brow contracted, his eyes flashed, and a groan escaped his lips.

"What is the matter, Harry," inquired an old sailor, placing his great hairy hand upon the young man's shoulder, "I hope it isn't bad news from home, my lad."

"Aye, aye, Tom," replied the other in a mournful voice, "I don't think it could be much worse. My wife and children are to be turned out of the cottage they live in by the landlord—that rascally Hezekiah Gripes, unless the back rent—a matter of fifty or sixty dollars—is paid to him before the end of the next quarter. The old miser promised me before I sailed that he would not trouble my wife about the rent at all, but that he would wait until my return, when I should be able to make everything square with him. But he has broken his word and——"

"The miserable shark!" interrupted Tom fiercely, "I should like to have his top-knot in my grip, and blow me if I'd leave a single hair standing!"

"I don't know what I shall do," continued Harry, bitterly, "I can't get a cent until the voyage is up, and God only knows what will become of my wife and children before that time."

"Keep up a good heart, chum!" cried Tom, slapping his shipmate roughly but affectionately upon the back, "I've a few dollars in my donkey (chest) as I've saved up for going ashore with, d'ye see; but I won't need it half as much as your pretty wife, bless her soul; and then there's Jack Truck, Bill Hawser, Ben Kent and Ned Bowline—each of whom to my sartin' knowledge has also a little silver which they won't be backward in loaning to a shipmate. My eyes! lad, you see you are all right after all!"

"No, no," answered the young sailor in a decided voice, "I will not take a cent of your money which you have earned by so much hard work. Besides, you could not make up the sum of sixty dollars, which is the least that I require."

"That's so, Harry, but then there's Portuguese Joe, who I am pretty sartin' has about a hundred dollars stowed away in his belt. Now if I could only persuade him, I think——"

"Impossible!" interrupted the young man, "Joe is as close as a miser and would not lend a farthing to his own brother."

"Here he is now," muttered Tom, as a middle aged man of low stature and square, compact frame, emerged from the forecastle.

Striding to the hatch, he mounted it, and then thrusting his hands in his pockets, glanced around him at his shipmates with an air of ridiculous importance.

"I will bet a hundred dollars with any man in the ship!" he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, "that I can hang longer by my hands to the main top gallant stay than any man who chooses to try with me!"

This unexpected challenge from the lips of the Portuguese, who was known to be very skilful in all gymnastic performances, did not fail unheeded upon the ears of those who heard it, and in a few minutes a large circle of men was gathered around the challenger.

"You would never dare do it, Joe!" exclaimed one of the group, "to hang by your hands a hundred feet above the deck!"

"Try me and you shall see," responded the Portuguese. "I repeat my challenge, and if there's any man here who dares to take me up, let him say so."

"You know very well that we haven't any money," cried another voice, "and so you are pretty safe."

"Oh, as to that," returned Joe, baring one of his brawny arms to the elbow and glancing towards it with a confident smile, "I'll trust any man for the money who will enter the lists with me."

"I accept your challenge!" responded a deep, firm voice; and pushing his way through the crowd, the speaker, who was none other than our friend Harry, advanced and confronted the Portuguese.

"You!" exclaimed the latter, with a derisive smile—"you had better not!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Joe wants to back out!" simultaneously shouted a dozen voices.

"Nothing of the kind!" replied the Portuguese, with a defiant laugh. "I am ready at once. I only warned Harry about it—that was all."

"Of course," exclaimed old Tom Binnacle, "there'll be a rope fastened about each of you, so that when you give out you needn't tumble to the deck and break your necks."

"No—no!" retorted Joe, "there must be no rope or anything of the kind in the matter. Each of us will know by the way he feels when it's time for him to work his way back to the mast, which must be done by the hands alone."

"Why, blast me! but that is a cannibal way of doing business!" exclaimed Tom, while a murmur, implying disapprobation of Joe's proposal, not unmixed, however, with admiration for the daring hardihood of the plan, circulated among the rest of the group.

"It's a bad business, Harry Forelock," muttered one of the men, nudging our hero's elbow, "and you'd better not try it."

"I feel no more like backing out now than I did when I first gave my word," was the gallant sailor's response, and our readers know that the vision of his wife and children was pictured to his mind as he spoke.

He felt that it was for their sakes that he was about to risk his life, and he would have been willing to risk it a dozen times to save them from being turned penniless and houseless from the roof that sheltered them.

"What do you say? Are you ready?" inquired Joe, as he placed his money in the hands of one of his chums, who had been chosen to act as stakeholder. "Are you ready, Forelock?"

"Aye, aye," responded the latter, and then, notwithstanding the entreaties of his old friend, Tom Binnacle, who was much opposed to the match, he followed the Portuguese to the main rigging. Both men darted up the rallings, and a few minutes afterwards they were seen working themselves towards the central part of the main-top-gallant stay.

Their shipmates watched them with pale cheeks and bated breath, for it was really a fearful sight to see the two competitors dangling by their hands from a slender stay a hundred feet above the deck. Having finally reached the position agreed upon, they became motionless, and thus both remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, when suddenly Harry's limbs were observed to tremble. The strain upon his arms was evidently beginning to tax his strength to a degree that would have served as a timely warning to a less daring heart.

The spectators shouted to him to work himself back to the mast, but he heeded them not. Although his arms were red and swollen, and the veins seemed almost ready to burst, he resolutely maintained his hold, looking neither to the right nor the left. He was a much heavier man than the Portuguese, but he had the advantage of the latter in respect to the arms, and both men were therefore about equally matched. No perceptible motion of Joe's limbs could yet be distinguished, but his little round head shook like a walnut on a tree when it is agitated by the wind, and the perspiration rolled in big drops from his temples.

"Lay in, Joe! Lay in, both of you!" was now shouted from the deck by a dozen different voices.

"Aye, aye!" roared Tom Binnacle. "Lay in, lads, and that in quick time too. You haven't but just strength enough—either of you—to get to the point that you started from!"

The Portuguese glanced towards Forelock, hoping that the American would be the first to make a return movement; but reading nothing but determination in the gaze that met his own, and feeling that he (the Portuguese) could not possibly maintain his position much longer, he commenced to work himself back towards the mast.

His motions were hailed with a shout of exultation by the friends of Harry, and the stakeholder, shouting to our hero that he was the winner, urged him to follow the example of Joe at once.

Forelock was not slow in complying, but a pang of dread now shot like an arrow through the heart of each spectator; for all doubted that the young man, after his persevering exertion, would be able to work himself out of his perilous situation. There was a nervous rapidity in the movement of his hands which was sufficient evidence of the fact that his strength was fast deserting him, and that in his own mind he was not confident that he would succeed in reaching the goal of safety. He worked resolutely, however, straining every muscle to keep his hold upon the stay, but by the time his dusky shipmate had gained the mast he was still many yards from it, and a thrill of horror ran through his frame as he felt that his fingers were becoming nerveless, and would probably be of no further use to him should he not reach his destination in the course of another minute. With straining eyeballs, swollen temples, and quivering frame, he struggled on—a cold sweat breaking all over him at the thought of losing his hold when his task was so nearly accomplished.

Cheers of encouragement were borne to his ears from below—shouted out to him by his shipmates' stentorian voices, above which the hoarse, trumpet-like tones of his chum, Tom Binnacle, rose clear and distinct, as the old sailor darted up the rigging with a coil of rope over his shoulders for the purpose of rescuing his beloved friend.

But the venerable tar had not gone much higher than the top when he heard a loud snapping noise, and upon glancing toward the fore-topmast, he perceived that the end of the main-top-gallant stay had broken from its fastenings in that quarter.

The disengaged end fell to the deck, causing that part to which Harry still clung to swing towards the main-topmast rigging, and mustering his little remaining strength for the effort, the young sailor threw himself into the shrouds and succeeded in clutching a rating.

"Saved! saved! thank God!" shouted the impulsive Binnacle, throwing an arm about the neck of his young friend. "Saved, and winner of the bet!"

"And my wife and children—heaven be praised for what it has enabled me to do for them!" muttered Forelock, in a voice of emotion.

A few more lines will render our story complete.

The money so bravely won was promptly paid to our hero, who lost not a moment in directing it to his wife, by whom, we may as well add, it was safely received in time to enable her to meet the demands of her grasping landlord.

In due course of time Harry returned home with the means of purchasing the cottage, which is now his own.

JOSH BILLINGS ON WIT.

Yu ask me tew disk-ribe wit! I kant dew it well. It haint got enny pedigree, it iz like the wind, it bloweth when and whare it listeth. No man kan be witty when he wants to, enny more than he kan be hungry when he wants to, it cummeth tew him, az luv duz, he kant tell how, nor whi.

Wit iz wisdum at play, while humor iz only good natur on a frolik.

Wit iz like much buty, a doubtful blessing, and like grate strength, a dangerous one.

There iz nothing that seems tew fat a womans harte, so much, az Jewelry.

God save the phools! and dont let them run out, for if it want for them, wize men couldn't git a livin.

Sum peoples branes are lokated in their heds.

We are told "that thare want ennything maid in vain," but I hav thought that awl the time spent in manfakturing striped snaix, and muskeeters, waz wasted.

If thare waz nothing but truth in this wurld, a fool would stan just az good a chanse az a wize man.

Tru politeness consists in being anxus about the welfar ov uthers; false politeness consists in being verry anxus about nothing.

Robbers are like rain, they fall on the just and the unjust.

If a man iz az wize az a serpent, he kan afford tew be az harmless az a dove.

The best place tew worship God—iz out doors.

We are ap tew hate them, who wont talk our advise, and dispize them who do.

It iz dredful eazy tew be a phool—a man kan be one and not kno it.

Elegant lezzure—chawing plug terbakker, and spitting at a dogs eye.

Real hapness dont consist so mutch in what a man dont hav, az it duz in what he dont want.

Fear iz the fust lesson larnt, and the laste one forgotten.

Nobody but a phool, gits bit twice bi the same dog.

A pet lam always makes a kross ram.

Epitafs are like circuss bills, thare iz more in the bills than iz ever performed.

Peace iz the enamie ov the soul.

Tew be healthy—eat onions, and go naked.

OUR GAME BAG.

A BLACKAMOOR'S VERSION OF LOVE.—"Pete, what am hub?" asked a sable youth of his companion, a perfect African Plato.

"And you don't know nuffin' bout him?"

"No, Uncle Pete."

"Why, your education is dreadfully imperfect. Don't you feel him in your bussum, to be sure?"

The other inserted his hand beneath his waistcoat.

"No, I don't, Uncle Pete."

"Ignorant nigger! It am a strong passion which reads de soul so newerely dat even time itself can't heal it."

"Dem, Uncle Pete, I know who be in hub."

"Who am it?"

"Dis ole boot ob mine. Its sole am rent so newerely, dat Johnson, de cobbler, utterly refused to mend him; and he say dat he is so bad dat de debble himself couldn't heal 'im."

HER PRINCIPLES.—"Some Indiana soldiers on a scout in the mountains of Georgia, came upon a house occupied only by an old woman. "Well, old lady, what are you? secesh?" said the leader. "No," said she. "What then?" "Baptist," said she, promptly, "and always was."

LEARNING A WOMAN TO TALK.—A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A wicked editor, in commenting upon the fact, says, "He should have married her, and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her powers of talk."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.—An English paper contains an advertisement:—"A piano for sale by a lady about to cross the channel in an oak case with carved legs."

WHAT is the difference between a brewer and a flea? One buys hops, and the other takes them.

AN ISOLATED CASE.—A fat friend of ours was one evening engaged at a musical rehearsal, but did not arrive until late. Finding the rest of the party assembled, he said, "Ah, you are all here? I am glad to see that I am the only delinquent." "Yes," responded one of the party, "You can truly say of yourself, "Mine is an I-solated case."

DIDN'T MIND THE EXPENSE.—An Irish soldier belonging to the Seventh Indiana Cavalry, brought an old brass watch to fix which looked as though the boys had been playing football in camp. It was well worth ten dollars to repair it, and the jeweller asked him whether he wanted it fixed at that figure. "Ooh and sure I will," was the reply, "if you'll agree to take the watch as *part pay!*"

CAN cock-crowing be called (h)enchanting?

ADMINISTERING JUSTICE ON A NEW SCALE.—Judge Swipes had a very wild son named Bob who was constantly on a spree, and upon being brought up once before the court for drunkenness, the judge cried out:—"Is that our Bob?" "Yes, sir," answered the clerk. "Fine the rascal two dollars and costs; I'd make it ten dollars if I didn't know it would come out of my pocket."

WHO was the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible? Herodias; when she got a head of John the Baptist on a charger.

WHY is a spider a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

SO.—There is said to be a man in the moon. In the honeymoon there are both a man and a woman.

VERY TALL.—The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

HOOK ON CHOPS.—Theodore Hook once dined with a Mr. Hatchet. "Ah, my dear fellow," said he deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook, "from a Hatchet we can get nothing but a chop."

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—A dog is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man insane when he takes too much. A financ

THE THEATRICAL RAMBLES
OF
MR. AND MRS. JOHN GREENE,
With Sketches of Popular Actors and Actresses,
FROM 1812 TO 1863.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES DURANG.

CHAPTER IV.

THE POISONED CORPS--THE COUNTRY HOSTELRIE—A DOUBLE CHALKING LANDLORD—ARRESTED—JOHN GREEN "TOOK IN"—AMONG THE MAD CHAPS—GAMES OF THE SPORTS—PLAYING AGAIN—THE DRAMA IN NEW ORLEANS—MR. J. H. CALDWELL—THEATRICAL RIOT—ENGLISH OPERA—JANE PLACIDE, ETC.

One of the party of this social circle began to feel symptoms of approaching *nausea* at the stomach, another a similar feeling, and so a third one. Qualmishness became like an epidemic; all were seized; each one looked his fellow inquiringly in the face, with a silent question and answer "What had they been drinking?" The idea of poison flashed upon their minds. The peculiar expression of each face, as frightened to death, was apparently alarming! It was a scene ludicrously serious. Death had cast his unerring darts among them, each his shining mark had been pierced, and the premature grave had ope'd its ponderous jaws on juvenile life without forewarning to repentance. One of the youths, with indignant writhing, exclaimed, he hated to die like a dog by *strychnine*. A few became penitent and were anxious to be shrived—another made a hearty confession of sins—another, who had been the very personification of morality, steady and grave through life, thought it was a judgment for his cheating at cards. The alarm was given—physicians were forthwith called in, who examined the bottle's sediment. The investigation resulted in relieving their patients' fears and anxieties. Instead of fine aged wine of rare quality, it proved to be only antimonial wine, which only affected them as an emetic and a cathartic, relieving their inner corporeal parts of so much whiskey. The theatre where this ludicrous scene happened was like the cabin of a passenger ship in a gale of wind—sea-sick patients tossing and rolling about its floor, grasping for wash basins, buckets, etc., to relieve their stomachic afflictions. *Mal de mer* is a *bad* sickness. The company's next stopping place was to be Union Town; it being arranged that the gentlemen, like Oliver Goldsmith's strolling player, should use their feet machinery—the readiest and cheapest locomotive that dame Nature has furnished to poor humanity, and now most *apropos* to these itinerant Thespians. Mrs. John Greene, now the aspiring *tragedienne*, was to precede them in the stage wagon to engage board and to settle other preliminaries—these matters were all satisfactorily negotiated ere the perambulating troupe arrived. The host of the inn where they were to sojourn was an Irishman—as whimsical as Dennis Brulgruddery, as solicitous for custom to the "Red Cow;" but lacking his generous nature, as the sequel will show.

The board was engaged at $4.00 each person. The bedrooms were arranged in hospital fashion, all in a row; the married couples hung up shawls, by way of partition screens. The next day, the footsore histrions arrived, while the virago of a manageress and her *Dolly* spouse brought up the rear in an old-fashioned Virginia chariot of George the Second's reign, drawn by a span of worn-out bay and white coach-horses—the Jehu a *fac-simile* of an Uncle Tom. Four post-bills, posted on the old court-house and the principal corners of the town, announced the opening of the theatre. The houses, for six nights, were crowded, but, at the end of that time, the purses of the public became drained of their circulating medium, if not of their admiration, which brought this curt but profitable season to an end. The scenery was taken down and rolled up on long poles, and the wardrobe packed in baskets and placed in the wagon for a start to the next performing place. The tavern bills were ordered, which the wily and *double-chalk* host readily produced. His charges were frightfully exorbitant to all—but John Greene emphatically took strong exceptions to his charges as far beyond the agreement made by Mrs. Greene's agent. To that agreement John inflexibly adhered, and would not pay one cent more. His bill of sundries was greatly overcharged: such as cigars of the common weed charged at 3 cents a piece, or at Havana prices; cogniac brandy, manufactured from bad whiskey, 6 cents per glass; all other items of bar refreshments in the same enhanced ratio. The washing done by Nance, the colored chambermaid, was charged $1 per dozen, for which they paid her 50 cents as a private perquisite, but which he claimed as his hired slave. This Mr. O'Dougherty, the host, met all Greene's reasoning and arithmetic with low jests and laughter, persisting vigorously with his unjust demands. Neither party would yield. The *corps*, being ready for a start in their usual mode of exodus, began to move—the landlord threatening Greene, if they thus departed, with the vengeance of the law: while Greene, whose person and strong facial expression were remarkable, bade him defiance, and, like another Jupiter, giving the "awful nod," maugre his denunciations and threats, the male performers, with Greene, made their *exeunt omnes* down the road on "Shank's mare." Mrs. Greene was to follow the next day by the stage-coach, but Paddy O'Dougherty was on the *qui vive*, and, not thus to be circumvented, he dispatched six of his cudgel-armed myrmidons in pursuit of the party, to coerce the actors into a settlement of his unjust demands, thus taking the law into his own hands. This volunteer police overtook the *corps*, and, *vi et armis*, arrested the whole body. Greene, however, resisted the arrestors with manly courage, and refused to submit, but the sham officers, being stalwart men, seized Greene bodily, and threw him on a horse, and secured him; thus enthroned, he was ignobly conveyed back to the village, where he was arraigned before a magistrate, in villainous imitation of this dishonest Irishman—a rare thing—*rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cygnei*. John Greene, with his native force and just indignation, pleaded his own cause in a strain of eloquence and logic that made this ignorant Dogberry wince, and the impudent host to cower at Greene's keen and searching cross-examination of Doublechalk's charges and false swearing. It would have impressed any impartial jury with the defendant's innocence and the falsity of the publican's suit. As said before, John Greene's *personnel* was very remarkable: of a demoniac, scowling aspect to the stranger, a massy forehead, wherein were set two large, black, piercing eyes, overshadowed with huge, wiry eyebrows of similar hue, a contour of face *iron-cast*, and dark inflexibility of purpose, without the light of one benevolent expression to assure the gazer of one *tender* feeling in his heart to beat responsive to human misery and woe. Yet, with all these negative signs of humanity, never did a more feeling heart, throbbing with every beneficent attribute for his fellow man, beat beneath so rough an exterior. He was the quintessence of manhood. In reference to his strongly marked aspect, a captain of a ship wherein he was a passenger, said of him that "his black face and savage look would quell a ship crew's mutiny." But to return from this episode to the trial-scene of the Irish Shylock and the poor, wronged player. With all Greene's apt quotations from Shakespeare, his sarcastic denunciations of Shylock's false oaths and illegal proceedings, the actor was defeated. During this droll trial, the following whimsical colloquy occurred between the plaintiff and defendant, which is very characteristic:

GREENE.—You said to me on the night, sir, after I played Dennis Brulgruddery, that I must certainly be an Irishman, as I played the cha-*rac*-ter up to the handle—for you loved the *honest Irishman*—and, that Dennis was one, *faith*—you would *trate* all hands in the bar-room for the pleasure I gave you—and that you would give me, free gratis, one of your best drinks every day while I stayed, for the honor of Old Ireland.

LANDLORD.—Be aisy, and don't play actorlike, be hatching up lies to please the people, as ye do in the play house; please your honor it is all a lie, as your honor may see.

MAGISTRATE.—Oh, yis! these showmen make all their shows big lies! 'Faith, calling wooly dogs, with their hair half trimmed off their bodies, lions!

Greene here replies in another burst of rage to his rogueries, when the landlord exclaims to the Justice:

"I call upon your honor to protect me from the abuse of this vagabond, for that he had a *character* to lose."

GREENE.—When that's gone you'll get another, and that's a *damned* impertinent and roguish landlord!

MAGISTRATE.—Will you again swear to your account?

"Aye," replied Double Chalk, and took up the Bible with the cross marked on the corner, and made his solemn kiss thereon.

"Enough!" responds the judicial Solon. "I give judgment in your favor, Mr O'Dougherty *versus* this insane showman; so pay the judgment with costs, or to jail you go.

Greene answered in the negative; so the learned justice made out his *mittimus*, and consigned poor Greene to prison for the crime of poverty and honesty. This jail was also used for the insane asylum, where Greene (who now figured in tragedy) had a fine opportunity of studying "Lear" from nature, in the person of an aged individual, who was the very personification of intense madness, and when in one of his violent fits, he selected Greene's head as a target to fire every missile that lay within his reach, keeping up a shower of old shoes, chips, bricks, hats, etc., till his supply of ammunition and physical power became exhausted. As John Greene was leaving the magistrate's office for the prison, the landlord offered to furnish him with meals at a fair price while in durance vile. Greene replied thus:

"I'll tell you what, Mr. O'Dougherty, it's my notion, in summing up your last accounts, that when you begin to dot, ould Nick will carry *one* ——, and that's yourself, my darling!"

[*Exit to prison.*

Mrs. Greene, like a true wife, remained near her husband in his tribulations, begging him to pay the extra money unjustly demanded, rather than submit to the painful alternative of imprisonment till an indefinite period, and the risk of further heavy expenses in pursuit of justice; but he continued to reject her sensible council; like Pickwick, he preferred suffering for conscience sake, although enduring a martyrdom the very antipodes of boarding at a first-class metropolitan hotel.

The town and its inhabitants were of the most primitive description; the buildings quaint in form and simple of materials—in architecture, room and comfort rather than its ornaments seemed the prevailing taste of that day. The prison and mad house being the same edifice, had an extensive yard appropriated to manifold purposes—*per example*, a portion was partitioned off by a slight railing for the physical amusements of trap ball, with a bowling alley, which was the daily resort of the "*fast men*" and idlers who vegetate in these small towns and their environs. Here in the afternoons these gay gentlemen merrily amused themselves with ball playing against the prison walls, and in the bowling alley, for small bets of liquor and money. In these sports John Greene, of social habits, mingled freely. All were pleased with his geniality during the games, the libations being solemnized in deep draughts of whiskey and brandy toddies; John was even invited by the victors in these olympic sports to libate with them. When the sporting chevaliers were about to exit for home, Greene would laughingly exclaim—"Gentlemen, I would cheerfully accompany you, but bars and bolts forbid such a liberty on my part." At length, the ball visitors appealed to this prison custodian to suffer "Dennis Brulgruddery"—(as they named him), to promenade with them as an outsider. That watchful *cerberus* declared John Greene a "*prisoner at large*," and might go where and when he pleased. So he did, cavalierly, under the patronage of the prison *bon vivants*. Greene, on "Ticket of leave" absence, triumphantly returned to his wife's lodgings. The scenes of wail and transient joy that checkered the first marriage days of Mr. and Mrs. John Greene were of a truly romantic nature, and hallowed their honeymoon with much *impressive* instructive philosophy, although then very young in years. They hastened to join their company now performing at another town, some fifty miles distant, to good houses. The Greenes were fresh recruits to the *corps*, and proved attractive. The old grievances of the performers remained in *statu quo*—large audiences but no salaries forthcoming at the end of the week—the usual result where the Willes' management governed supreme. Things remained in this deranged state till the *corps* arrived in their peregrinations at Wellsburgh, a small dilapidated town on the banks of the Ohio. Here they were to open with the "*Honey Moon*." The house was rapidly filling while Madame Willes resumed her old station of ticket selling, thus taking the money but never this event Greene lost his temper—*patience* ceased to be a virtue—and "rebellion lay in his way." Mrs. Greene was dressed for Juliana, and Mr. Greene having completed his stage toilet, threw his cloak over his costume and passed to the front to eye the financial operations. There he found Mrs. Willes engaged as usual in selling tickets and receiving the money there, which she deposited in a large satchell by her side. Several persons came up the stairs, and handed Greene their tickets, taking him for the door keeper. Mrs. Willes seeing this, like an enraged virago, rushed at him and snatched the cards out of his hand, at the same time firing a volley of abuse at him, demanding his business there, (a very moral scene before the curtain). To this rude question Greene made no answer, but passing to the rear of the stage, where the dressing rooms were, he quickly divested himself of his stage habiliments, donned his street clothes, and went directly to Mrs. Greene's dressing room and desired her to do the same—briefly relating the circumstances. In a few moments they left the theatre to darkness and Mrs. Willes' evil designs. Madame Willes, astounded, inquired the reason of this abandonment of their duties. She received no answer but the scornful looks of the company. Here was a *dramatique non-plus!* The comedy could not be performed without a Juliana. The curtain would not, could not rise on this distracted *corps* of comedians. The lady manageress, covetous soul, received a death wound in being obliged to refund the money to the ticket holders, and so dismissed the auditory. This was the closing scene of the Greenes' engagement with this shameful dynasty. Their sufferings had been great through her tyranny and dishonesty, and this last act of the drama of dollars and cents caused the catastrophe as related.

The English drama was first introduced into the city of New Orleans in 1817 by a commonwealth company. The manager was Mr. N. M. Ludlow. The *corps* consisted of Messrs. Morgan, John Vaughan, Lucas, Bainbridge, Henry Vaughan, Mrs. Ludlow, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Vaughan, and some others. A temporary theatre was erected, which was afterwards converted into a ball-room.

Aaron Phillips, of Philadelphia, took a company there in 1818, of a respectable calibre in talent, and occupied the French Theatre in Orleans street. But he had to encounter a strong opposition in the outset of this very season, which threw his exertions *hors du combat*—Mr. James H. Caldwell, the Achilles of theatrical enterprise in the south-west, building more theatres and putting them in operation than all the American managers together. Mr. Caldwell, himself a host in tragedy and comedy, had a tolerably strong company. He first occupied the St. Phillips Street Theatre, and afterwards removed to the Theatre d'Orleans, which he played in three evenings of each week, alternating with the French company. A compromise was effected with Mr. A. Phillips, who dissolved his *corps*, himself and the principal members thereof entering into the Caldwell management, making, thus combined, a strong dramatic working company. Mr. Thomas A. Cooper, the great American star of that day, played in New Orleans this season for the first time to houses averaging above $300 nightly. Certainly, as a theatrical *impressario*, not one of that class can compare with Mr. Caldwell. This gentleman's first appearance in America was in Charleston, S. C., in 1816-17, when his celebrated *emeute* against Holman during this season occurred about the character of Hamlet, which Caldwell claimed as his right to act. He had become a great favorite at the Palmetto City, and *unjustly* claimed the full right to *all leading* lines. As Mr. Holman held the right of tragic leading parts to *himself*, the result was, that the theatre located on the banks of Ashley River was completely gutted in the audience department, and closed for two or three weeks for repairs. And thus closed Mr. Caldwell's first engagement in America. The stage department was saved from destruction through the spirited and defensive conduct of the company entrenching themselves behind the canvas streets, woods, palaces, and prisons, wherein, with courageous remonstrances, appeals to the rioters' better feelings, and a warlike show to defend the manager's property, they ultimately gave a respite to their savage onslaught, and final retreat after the destruction of the front. The company, however, demanded their salaries from Mr. Holman during the time the theatre was closed for repairs, to which Mr. Holman yielded under protest. The company, however, thought proper to place the *onus* of the common calamity on the manager's *stubborn will* not to yield to Caldwell's demand of the right to act Hamlet or "*no play*," as the *vox populi* so declared, although the manager was the wronged party, whatever Mr. Caldwell's popularity may have thus demanded.

At this time Mr. Caldwell was a fine, dashing-looking young man, of good manners but of very reserved social habits. His figure was very imposing, about five feet eleven, well made, of the Apollo cast, a face of pallid hue, yet often flushed with a hectic glow, indicative of consumption. His features, although small and regular, were vivid, lighted with a fine blue eye. His temperament was frigid, his life marked by studied temperance; his mental capacities were ever engaged in some scheme of enterprise, either for the drama or the developement of mechanical invention or scientific usefulness. His mind was cultivated, but he inclined rather to the pedantic above his fertile intellect. On the whole, his life had been characterized by great energy and devotion to enterprises of all kinds. When he first arrived at Charleston he was quite *outre* in his street costume—a green dress coat, a flashy waistcoat, a frilled neck-cloth, and dove-colored tight stockinet pants, with silk hose and morocco pumps, which made up quite a dandy dress that attracted attention from all. His Belcour, in the "West Indian," was a very clever piece of acting, as was also his Singles, in "Three and the Deuce," his fencing being particularly great. He acted as a star in New York, and commenced his managerial career in Washington City in 1818. In 1835 he erected and opened the St. Charles Theatre, the largest theatre in size and magnificence then in America, equaling or comparing with our opera temples in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and surpassing in elegance anything of the kind in London, Paris, Naples, St. Petersburg, or any of the continental dramatic temples. In March, 1842, this edifice was burnt down, leaving nothing on its site but its ashes to tell of its former greatness. It is almost impossible to enumerate the various theatres that he built and opened in the west and south-west—often without the adequate funds on hand, only his indomitable energies and skilful financial habits. In Virginia, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, in all the principal cities of those states, with their adjacent towns, he successfully unfurled the Thespian banner. His untiring energy in 1833, at New Orleans, produced a version of the opera of "Cinderella," a clever concoction of Rossini's great original work of that name, with choice bits extracted from "William Tell" and other productions from the same author. This was an era in the theatrical annals, or, rather, in operatic exhibitions, being, it was said, the first grand opera in the English language produced at the South. The cast was:—The Prince, J. M. Fields; Dandini, Mr. Caldwell; Baron Pompolini, Mr. Thorne; Pedro, Mr. Russell; Cinderella, Miss Jane Placide: Thisbe, Mrs. Rowe; Clorinda, Mrs. Russell; Fairy Queen, Miss Nelson—the present Mrs. Brougham. This opera met with great success. Miss Jane Placide benefitted much by the professional experience of Mr. Caldwell, both in music and eloquence; he instructed her in the manner of the great Siddon's acting of Lady Macbeth, and her other tragic *roles*, and she was an apt pupil. Mr. Caldwell then conceived the idea of lighting New Orleans with gas, and to that end entered into a contract with the municipal authorities of that city. He went to England, there to gather such information and aid on the subject as to enable him the more successfully to carry out his plans. His scheme succeeded to a charm, and Messrs. Russell and Rowe became his successors on his theatric throne. He took the very talented Miss Jane Placide to London, where she made her *debut* at Covent Garden, in the part of Elvira, in 1834. The English papers were very much in her favor, remarking that in person and manner she reminded them of Parodi.... Poor girl! with tragic powers of the highest order, and bright prospects for the future, she returned to New Orleans, with Madame Celeste and Mr. Caldwell. In the fall of that year she died. Caldwell successfully illuminated New Orleans and Mobile with gas, and made many other improvements. After the destruction of the St. Charles Theatre in 1842, he retired from the stage as actor and manager. On the 14th of January, 1843, he took his final leave of the stage in the character of Vapid, in "The Dramatist," and became the Recorder of the second municipality of the city, where he lived honored and respected.

Mr. Caldwell was twice married. First to the dashing widow Twomley, of "Rose Hill," at Fredericksburg, Virginia. This lady was handsome and accomplished, and a great admirer of Mr. Caldwell. During the season she occupied the stage box every evening of his performance. One night the alarm of fire was raised in front of the theatre during the representation of the "Soldier's Daughter." In the alarm the widow Twomley sprang from the box towards the stage; Mr. Caldwell, who was playing Frank Heartall, caught her in his arms to break the fall; an introduction took place, and she became Mrs. Caldwell very soon after. It was reportad that she was rich, but it proved her greatest wealth was her beauty, as her first husband left all the property to their son, allowing her only a life interest in it. The union with Mr. Caldwell produced his son Shakespeare, a name and genius which he adored, and which he seemed desirous to perpetuate in the person of this scion of his own image! whether he floats in poetry, or rides a Pegasus up Mount Parnassus, or swims in Helicen's stream is not known, but Caldwell himself was a whole team! His second marriage was with Miss Rowe, of theatrical parentage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SAMUEL S. SANFORD.

THIS veteran manager and pioneer of Ethiopian opera houses was born in New York, January 1st, 1821, while his mother was on a visit to this city. He early evinced a penchant for public life, and, at nine years of age, made his *debut* at Dan Neuman's ball room, located at what is now known as Eighth and Willow, Philadelphia, as a singer, etc. From thence he proceeded to Allentown, and then to Reading, Pa., where he engaged as a comic singer with his uncle, Hugh Lindsay, a celebrated clown. He proved a great card for Lindsay, with whom he remained until sixteen years of age, when a mind full of intelligence prompted him to secure a trade, which was soon chosen with Parkinson, the then popular confectioner of Philadelphia. On becoming aware of its many branches, and the length of time it would take him to attain perfection in them all, and longing once more to hear the admiring plaudits of audiences, he suggested to Parkinson to release him from his contract. Being a great favorite with the family, they could not resist his wish. This was in 1840, when negro singing and dancing first became a popular amusement. He accordingly entered with spirit into the business, and appeared at one of the Philadelphia theatres, in connection with other performers, in a series of songs and dances, and his success was great. In 1845 he visited England with a troupe, sailing from New Orleans, and opened at St. George's Hall, London, and afterwards at the Princess' and Drury Lane theatres. For three years he traveled through England, Ireland and Scotland, and returned to Philadelphia in 1848. On the first of August, 1853, he opened the hall known as Korponay's Ball Room—situated at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia—with a minstrel company. On the 9th of December, of the same year, the place was destroyed by fire, proving a total loss to the enterprising manager. Sanford was insured for $3,000, but the Company proved to be a bogus one, and he never received a cent of insurance. He next turned his attention to the church property situated on Eleventh street near Market (and now occupied by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels), and thinking that he could put it to some use, leased and opened it April 23d, 1855, as Sanford's Opera House, with a splendid band. For several years he did a thriving business, but the war and other causes at last operating against him, he left the establishment, and with a company went on a traveling tour; but the times were "out of joint," and he returned to Philadelphia and fitted up a small hall in the lower part of Concert Hall building, on Chestnut street above Twelfth. Business proving bad, he soon "shook" the place and again went traveling. His next place was in Harrisburg, where he opened a Hall and held possession of it until a very short time since, when he sold out to the owner of the ground. His last speculation in the opera house line was at the Olympic Theatre, in Philadelphia, but the location was not a good one, so he sold out. He then bought a half interest in the popular and well known minstrel band known as Sam Sharpley's Iron Clads, with whom he is at the present time, and we are pleased to state, is making more money than in any enter- Sanford has done much to elevate it. He is the oldest manager in the business, and is possessed of extraordinary ability. He is one of the few minstrel performers who have attempted the late T. D. Rice's range of characters. His Bone Squash, Jumbo Jum, Ginger Blue, Jumbo Cuff, and Otello, are clever performances. His own plays are his best characters, his Uncle Tom's Cabin, Old Josh, Villikins, and heavy characters in burlesques of Shakespeare's pieces being great. Sanford has written a great many plays, scenes and interludes, all of which are played throughout the country. Many of the most prominent of minstrel performers owe their positions in the profession to Mr. Sanford. Among the early ones was Luke West, ben Mallory, Tom Briggs, Eph. Horn, Carncross, Dixey, Unsworth, Collins, and many others of note. Sam Sharpley, one of the best performers in the business, was for several seasons the leading comedian of Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia. Mr. Sanford is at present traveling with Sharpley's Iron Clads, and is reaping a harvest to comfort the old man in his declining days. Samuel is a liberal and kind-hearted gentleman, and his purse has always been open to the calls of the needy. In assisting others, he has forgotten himself, and he is now beginning life again in hopes of regaining a portion, at least, of the many sums he has lost during the past years. He is industrious, persevering and generous.

SPORTS ABROAD.

A PUGILISTIC CROSS, OR NO FIGHT
BETWEEN
JACK ROOKE AND TOM KELLY, FOR £200,
AT 10ST. 10LB.

Notwithstanding the low level to which the modern P. R. has descended, and the many notorious transactions of principals, backers and referees, on both sides of the "herring pond," by which "filthy lucre" has been sought at the expense and almost total annihilation of all the manlier attributes of boxing, and to achieve which almost all the trickery and knavery that could be dreamed of have been brought to bear, we have in a fight(?) which took place in England on Feb. 14, one of the best or worst illustrations of a "cross" that, in our many years experience in sporting affairs, was ever brought to notice. The shallow-laid plot, the antics of the men, and the grand finale, in which one of the principals got more of one sort and less of another, than he bargained for, present altogether such a serio-comic scene, as it appears in the *Sporting Life* of Feb. 15, that we let it tell the story, which reads as follows:

The long-pending match between the above-named provincial pugilists, which had been looked forward to, ever since the articles were signed, with a considerable degree of interest, came off yesterday at Thames Haven; but we regret to record another most ignominious termination to a big fight. The general sporting community simply viewed the matter in reference to the merits of the rival combatants. The backers of the men, however, had a far deeper scheme on hand. The question of the Championship being in a most unsettled state, and confusion worse confounded when Mace got to loggerheads with a contemporary, attention was drawn to Jack Rooke and the Yorkshireman, Kelly, and it speedily became bruited about in the sporting world that in all probability we should find the winner of the present match challenging the Champion.

The antecedents of the men are very soon traced. Tom Kelly, of Bradford, in Yorkshire, first saw the light in that county in 1836, and made his *debut* in the ring, at 10st 12lb, on Oct. 1, 1860, in the neighborhood of Dewsbury, where he cleverly defeated young Connor in 58min., for £50. This battle stamped him as a lad of unexceptionable gameness, and as one possessed of wonderful tact in "weaving" on to his adversary. So delighted were his partisans at his first attempt, that they once more matched him for a heavier stake (£100), against Lomas. This couple met at Staleybridge, on Sept. 24, 1861. Here again fortune favored Tom, who proved the victor in 77min. He was next pitted against Bill Brown, of Manchester, for £100 a side, on Sept. 22, 1863, when in seven rounds, lasting only 8¼min., at Aldershot Camp, he won very easily. He was trained for this engagement near Otley, his native county. He was in excellent condition, and took up his quarters at Bos Tyler's, Whitechapel, where he was received by a host of friends.

Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, was born in 1838. He was first introduced to the notice of the public through his defeat of Tom Lane, (a brother of Hammer.) This battle took place at Areley, near Cannock Chase, on January 13, 1859. It was for £25 a side, Rooke weighing 10st., 4lb., and lasted 82 min., when fifty-one rounds were fought. Joe Goss, of Wolverhampton, was the next man to face him, for £25 a side, on September 20, 1859. They fought sixty-four rounds in 100 min., in Sussex, resulting in Rooke's defeat, after a very hard fought battle. He made a draw of it with Patsey Reardon, for £50 a side, in thirty-six rounds, 75 min., on May 1, 1860, the police having interfered, and the backers wishing to avoid further expenses. He then received forfeit from George Crockett (1861,) and we next find him engaged with and defeating Job Cobley, for £50 a side, in the Home circuit, July 30, 1861, thirty-three rounds, 114 min. Rooke next fought Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, £200 a side and a bet of £300 even, twenty-one rounds, 75 min. (police interfered.) December 31, 1861. Again met on January 1, 1862, three rounds, 17 min.; police again appeared, and Brettle having sprained his ankle, the fight was postponed till March. The bet being drawn, they met again, March 11, 1862, for £200 a side, four rounds, 100 min., when, as neither showed the least disposition to finish, the referee gave them a quarter of an hour to get to work, and as no blow was struck, a draw was declared. He since made a draw with Patsey Reardon, after four rounds only, the police having stopped the mill. He first went into training for the match of yesterday, near Whittington, Litchfield, in company with Tom Lane, his first antagonist; but the latter falling ill, was succeeded by Young Crudgington, the pedestrian, of London. He took up his quarters at W. Richardson's, Shoreditch, and we never saw him in better condition. He won the toss for place for weighing, and the rivals met at the hostelry just named at two o'clock on Monday afternoon. Kelly was as near as possible under the specified weight, while Rooke was only about 2lbs. under. The sporting houses at the East End were crowed to excess at night by the rougher portion of the fancy, all anxious to know the whereabouts for the morrow, and this excitement prevailed, although not to such an extent, at the West End, where Rooke was made a decided favorite, but the other side stood out for a higher range of odds than the Brum's friends liked to speculate before the day of battle. There was not even a whisper as to the real fixture, and all the "office" given was to attend at either man's quarters at an early hour.

Accordingly, on Tuesday morning a dense crowd mustered round the respective fighting houses in the east, but chiefly at Richardson's and Bos Tyler's, at both of which places odds were wanted upon Rooke. To the surprise of a good many, a rumor was current in Church street that on the previous evening 2 to 1 was laid in Manchester and Birmingham on Kelly. This, naturally enough, excited the surprise of the parties interested in a monetary point of view, and it was decided to inform Rooke immediately of the strong doubts which were in circulation as to his intention of fighting a fair and honorable battle. Rooke inquired the source whence such a statement emanated, and this was explicitly told him. His annoyance seemed very great, and he emphatically denied all intention of wrong-doing, adding that he treated such an absurd rumor with all the contempt it deserved. A journey by rail was taken to the river-side, where a steamer was in readiness, and from a well-known pier near the station a very numerous cargo, including a fair sprinkling of the upper crust, duly embarked. When all had been conveyed on board, the steam was put on, and thus commenced a very tough journey down the river past Gravesend. No sign was given as to the whereabouts until we reached the trysting place. Kelly's colors were exhibited on board, and were a white ground 'kerchief with a broad violet border. It should be mentioned that the prevalence of the above rumor had somewhat the effect of stopping the circulation of money, but those at the back of the Birmingham man at that time expressed themselves satisfied with Rooke's assurance that he intended and meant to win, if he could. Towards midday the party reached Lower Hope Point, the scene of many a battle between the most celebrated men of the day, but when the anchor was dropped and preparations were made for the ropes and stakes to go on shore, under the care of the Commissary of the Ring, the unwelcome sight of the police induced a further prolongation of the voyage, and they landed at length at Thames Haven. The men were assiduously seen to on board, and then conveyed on shore to prepare for their engagement.

THE FIGHT

Commenced exactly at one minute and a half past two o'clock. The snow lay deeply on the ground, and it was with much labor that a clearance was effected to enable the combatants to enter the roped arena. The Birmingham representative was the first to throw in his cap; and his friends, to make the best of it, tried to raise a good round of cheers as he did so. He was quickly followed by the Yorkshireman, whom many imagined came, like Hamlet's Ghost, in a very questionable shape. Tom won the toss for choice of corners, which availed nothing, and was seconded by the eccentric Jerry Noon and Bos Tyler. His corner was scattered with sawdust, and every preparation had evidently been made to render him comfortable. Bob Brettle and Job Cobley esquired Rooke.

Round 1. On standing up and putting themselves into attitude, it was apparent that both were judiciously fit, and ready to fight, if intended, for a man's life. Kelly has a long, lathy appearance, with a snake-like *os frontis*, stands well on his feet, plays his left prettily, is fairly endowed with a well-developed chest and well-knit shoulder-pieces. His right hand, however, was continually held very low, and if his opponent desired to take any advantage of it, his guard might invariably have been broken through. Rooke, in the very acme of good health, looked by far superior in physical power, with loins of great strength and muscle, capable of dangerous execution upon the frame of any antagonist. His countenance betrayed symptoms of undoubted nervousness, and there was such a frequent twitching of his lips and contraction of his mouth as showed he was somewhat ill at ease. When the men had been delivered from their corners, they advanced somewhat eagerly towards each other, and took stock as to which should commence the game. Jack brazened himself up to concert pitch, and then led off with his left, the same falling with indifferent force on the mark. Kelly, it should be mentioned, had a large boil on the lower jaw, which he described as having only appeared on him about Thursday last. Rooke led off with the left on the forehead, which was flushed, and Kelly retaliated by a deliberate left-hander on the ribs, and retreated from all mischief. They stopped to look at each other for a moment, when Kelly suddenly rushed forward and struck his left on the nape of the neck very slightly; he again tried his left, which was stopped. Rooke essayed to return with his right, which was short; they then broke ground, Kelly smiling at his opponent's attempt to get on. Tom, still eager for business, invested one on the ribs with his left, while Rooke returned him a Roland for his Oliver by a clipping one on the right side of the head, and added another instalment with his left right on the forehead. They closed and fought at quarters until they got to the middle stake. Here some slight exchanges took place, but no mischief was done. Kelly, however, hung momentarily over his opponent on the top rope. Jack succeeded in extricating himself from that position, and got down.

2. Kelly, remarkably active in his movements, and shifting about on his toes as agile as a dancing-master, came up with his ribs somewhat flushed. They had scarcely toed the mark before each delivered with the left, but they were intended to be of an innocuous character, as no material force appeared to be applied on either side. Kelly kept up, however, an apparently bustling game by popping in one, two, on the head, and boring Rooke to the ropes, when the latter deliberately threw himself on both knees, and thus early gave the first inkling of the truthful currency of the rumors that had previously been promulgated, both in country and town, and of which his backers had had due notice six weeks previously.

3. The Birmingham man shot out his left hand on the head, which flushed; the blow was on the high cheek-bone, and just escaped the boil, which protruded so formidably on the left. Many were the jeers of the bystanders at this (another) instance of the vacillating conduct of these gentlemen. Riled at these manifestations of feeling on the part of the majority of the spectators, Kelly let go his left, and slightly cut the lip of Rooke. Kelly followed his man to the ropes, and closed with him. After some slight attempt at weaving, Kelly got his opponent's head in chancery, and began fibbing away until Rooke clearly declined any attempt at retaliation, and evidently got down upon both knees, showing more and more palpably, every succeeding round, that he was fighting an intentionally losing fight. The uproar of Rooke's own party became unmistakeably apparent, and they expostulated with him as to proceeding in such a disgusting manner. There was nothing but a careless indifference in his replies and a doggedness in his aspect which showed that he was determined to carry out his plans, let the result be whatever it might.

4. Kelly, in order to make a show, advanced eagerly, and struck sharply and quickly with the left on the nose. Rooke feinted, and then broke away without attempting anything further. It was now Kelly's turn to move, and he delivered a taster on the chest, while Rooke retaliated by a clipping hit on the left side of the head, which made the Bradford man shake again, and was about as hard a blow as ever Jack had attempted to deliver in the course of the miserable farce he knew he was enacting. Tom was driven back by the force of the blow, and it was a moment or so before the Bradford representative knew what to be after. He was all the more puzzled as Rooke gazed intently at him with a like amount of uncertainty as to the performance in the succeeding scene. Rooke led off suddenly, however, and it seemed as if he had altered his mind, and now really meant mischief, for he got cleverly home with a determined one on the throttle, and another one on the chest. Then he fell off again, as if he was actually ashamed of showing the bystanders that he could hit his man when he liked, and seemed about to return unasked to his own corner. Here, however, he discovered nothing but gloomy and contemptuous looks, added to a fierceness of aspect in a good many that pretty clearly indicated that ugly fists were itching to punish him for his treachery to his own boon companions. He was indifferent, however, to the jeers of his "pals," whom he was so foully and deliberately betraying, and turned his head again towards Master Tom. Both dwelt but little, and then made a pretence at in-fighting, when the Birmingham poltroon retreated to mother earth, in order to avoid anything farther in the shape of hitting. The cries and uproar now became tremendous; a large party of Rooke's own friends congregated in his corner, and emphatically declared that he was selling the fight, and that if he did not immediately alter his line of policy, they would themselves inflict summary chastisement upon him, and throw his clothes in the river. This seemed to have no possible effect on Rooke, and he advanced, when time was called, to meet Kelly in the latter's own corner.

5. Jack feinted, but the other laughed, as he was far out of reach. They then got together, clutched round the neck, and fibbed away without the slightest token of punishment being apparent, until Rooke extricated himself, and was down on his right knee with as much alertness as design. The uproar in his corner was again uproariously resumed, and however his partisans controlled their feelings must have struck every one with wonder and astonishment. The cries were of the most frantic character from those who saw him deliberately attempting to throw away their money.

6. Tom evidently thought it wiser to stop close to his seconds, and let Jack play out his dastardly and abominable part to his own liking. And, nothing loth, Rooke (who, it has been often proved, can fight when he likes) did so with the most unblushing effrontery. He stalked with a coward gait to his friend Tommy, made a false hit or two, which was returned in the same faint-hearted light and spirit in which it was given, and he then fell back in the most infamous manner in Kelly's own corner, thus wilfully persisting in prolonging the burlesque still further. Human patience—and especially with those of an impulsive mood, like the true, fighting pugilists of the present era—could bear this no longer. No sooner had he got back to his own corner than he was beset, and soundly belabored by those whom he had so disgracefully betrayed, after being in the ring nineteen minutes. The referee was urgently entreated that, under such disgraceful circumstances, all bets should be at once declared off, and the gratulations of the bystanders thus re-echoed with delight at the partial frustration of Rooke's villany, long after the craven had sneaked off as he best could from the lynch-law manipulation of those whom he had so glaringly deceived. It should be mentioned that, so disgusted were Brettle and his friends, that they administered immediate chastisement to the Birmingham man.

REMARKS.

It is impossible to conceive the utter and unmitigated disgust with which this travestie upon British boxing was viewed by those assembled. It had long been privately rumored that Rooke fully intended, at a favorable opportunity, to reimburse his faded exchequer by some recreant proceeding, such as that we have chronicled above, in revenge for some supposed coldness or treatment after his fight with Patsy Reardon. As the affair was fixed to come off in the Home District, the London division were naturally alarmed at the inuendo, and determined to immediately communicate their doubts to head-quarters at Birmingham. Bob and his friends, however, utterly discarded the idea, and expressed full confidence in Jack. Affairs went on in this way until the close of last week, when it became apparent that a screw was loose somewhere. There was no denying the fact that in Manchester, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham, odds were freely offered on the Yorkshireman. Even Rooke's denial on the morning did not satisfy the London party, for they "hedged" as much of their money as was possible, and this fact was verified by the circumstance of their being no betting of moment at the ringside. It will be seen that there was nothing but sham-fighting throughout. Kelly does not come out of court with clean hands, for his antecedents, to which we have alluded above, would not warrant such an imputation on his character as he will now have to submit to on account of these last proceedings. As for Rooke, he fell into his own trap, and was deservedly trounced for his treachery. As a pugilist, we may safely say that his star has forever set, and we think it will be some time before we hear of him again in the roped arena. The most unfortunate result of this unprincipled trafficking is, that many of the heaviest bets are booked to go with the batt

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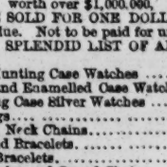
$10  $10

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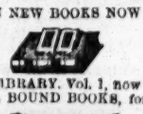

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City Summary.

MONDAY, March 6, 1865.

THREE CHEERS for Schimmelfinnig! Schimmelfinnig is the unromantic name of the General who took charge of Charleston when the Johnnies went out at the other end. The popularity of this General would be greatly increased but for his name; there's not a particle nor a thing of beauty about it; you cannot cry out "three cheers for Schimmelfinnig," with any degree of satisfaction; before you could get half the name out, all enthusiasm would have evaporated; but what Schimmelfinnig has to do with our amusements is more than we can tell, except that his occupation of the hot-bed of treason, in which hot-bed he has covered himself and army with martial glory, gave us the cue for the grand celebration which took place in this city to-day, and which will be remembered by the oldest inhabitants for ages to come. No city in this distracted country can vie with New York in getting up processions and amusements of all kinds. It's our *forte*. Without a holiday, or a procession, or a horrible catastrophe, or some other equally popular sensation, New York would fare like the three wise men of Gotham, of whom such an affecting history may be found in the nursery classics—it would go under. The celebration to-day was an "immense success," as the theatrical critics say, "and was witnessed by a large and appreciative audience, thousands being turned away unable to get in." It was a monster *matinee*, "provided for the benefit of families, and children, and pickpockets, and people from the suburbs who are debarred from attending our amusements at night." It was a grand affair, just coming in the nick of time, when we needed something of the kind to keep in remembrance a similar celebration we once had in honor of the permanent laying of the Atlantic cable. So, we repeat, "three cheers for Schimmelfinnig." .....And thus do we march into Spring, or spring into March, parting with a severe winter without a pang of regret, and giving welcome to that season of gentle mildness which March so fraudulently inaugurates. And Lent, too, is here, when balls, and parties, and "Germans," and theatres, and concert saloons are supposed to be deserted by the pious people; when, for a period of forty days and forty nights, a proper observance of the season is practiced by the few, while the many but add to their long catalogue of sins by assuming virtues which they do not possess. The poor player looks forward to Lent with feelings of adulterated joy, for in that inauspicious season he is permitted to have his annual benefit, on which he has built great hopes of making his little old two hundred or so; but, *mirabile dictu*—which means horrible to relate—in nearly eight cases out of ten, bad weather or some pious entertainment keeps the people away; and, what was intended as a benefit, proves to be a sad and lamentable fizzle, adding to the actor's mortification and the Dutch grocer's billious disappointment. We were one time traveling in a railroad car in the State of New York, when we became acquainted with an actor, whose sad tones and lantern jaws told us that some secret grief was fast hastening him to that bourne of which we have all heard so much in our intercourse with the world. By degrees we wormed out of him the cause of his sorrows. It appears that in early life he wedded the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of the south of France, despite the opposition of his parents, by whom he was cut off without a shilling, while the bride was cursed by her father, whose only god was his money. Our friend took to the stage, resolved to work for a living, and support his wife by honest industry and incessant toil. Manfully he struggled on, but poverty could not be repelled; the young wife was taken sick; what with performing at the theatre, and nursing her on whom he had placed his best affections, he was worn to a living skeleton; but he still kept at his post. Fondly he had pictured to his wife the comforts and even luxuries that the results of his coming benefit would be sure to enable him to bestow upon her, and in her terrible agony she wound her thin, white arms around his neck, and kissed his tears away. The night of the benefit came, and just as he reached this part of his affecting recital, the train stopped, the man stopped, the story stopped, the train moved on again, and as it did so, we caught a glimpse of our afflicted friend at a refreshment stand worrying down "three cents worth of clam soup." We have never seen him since, never learned whether his benefit was an immense success or not, never ascertained whether his young bride survived or perished. Such, dear friends, are the trials and vicissitudes of an actor's life.

"GYGES" is a go. Gyges was the sensation at the Salle Diabolique all last week, and will so continue until further notice. There have been very large audiences in attendance at this pretty little place since our last, partly attracted by Gyges, partly by Heller himself, and partly by those funny little minstrels; and we verily believe that all who composed those audiences were well satisfied with the entertainment provided for them by the Musical Magician. Heller possesses the power of mystifying his audiences, while he amuses them with good jokes and excellent puns. The programme of tricks and illusions is changed from time to time, and novelty after novelty follows in succession. Last Monday, after delighting the eye with a number of card tricks, and filling the ear with the rattling sounds of the Goblin Drum, he gave us an idea of the way in which boarding-school misses study music, and we must say that it was the richest thing of the kind we have heard in a month. Heller informed us that the young lady takes half an hour to accomplish what he could do in three minutes. Not only did he make this assertion but showed us the way it was done. Then followed the funny Wood-en Minstrels, with their comic songs and "soul-thrilling music." Speaking of these minstrels puts us in mind of a joke which the "end man" with the India-rubber legs got off on that occasion, and we here repeat it for the benefit of our readers—"Why might Moses be said to wear a wig? Because he was sometimes seen with hair on (Aaron), and sometimes not." The illusion of the Gyges is introduced in a pathetic drama (?) called "Tartini's Dream," in which Tartini dreams a dream, and in his dream he hears strains of Heavenly music; he afterwards endeavors to recall the air, but does not succeed; in his despair he swears that he will sell his soul to the devil if that disreputable character will permit him to hear that simple air again. Immediately the devil appears, and produces the articles of agreement for Tartini to sign, which he at once does, and the musicianor appears before him. Tartini, in his terror, levels his gun at him, but, at the instant he is about to fire, the musicianer disappears. This is the Gyges. Finally, Tartini has learned to play the air so skillfully that Old Nick is delighted, and, tearing up the agreement, releases him from his bargain. With this plot Heller has managed to do a great deal. About the Gyges, we may say that it will do for a sensation for a little while, and then disappear from our gaze like its illuminated and illustrious predecessor, "The Ghost." The Gyges is not as bold as the Ghost; "it" does not come promiscuity on the stage before you, but is seen in a sort of out of the way passage or doorway; we are somewhat astonished at the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the man, but there is a something wanting; we should prefer to see it right out on the stage. The Ghost illusion is also introduced, for when the musician reappears and proceeds to play upon the violin, his body is so transparent that the devil is distinctly seen through him. This is no doubt our old friend, the "Jost," in a new and more transparent form. The whole taing is a combination of the Gyges and the Ghost, with strong lights, glasses, and other necessary contraptions to pull the wool over your eyes, so that you can't see it. It is worth seeing, this Gyges thing; and Heller is worth hearing, whether he talks at you, or plays at you.

ALFRED BURNETT, the Western humorist, eccentric delineator, exquisite reciter, and as Hingston calls him, the "Levator Anguil Oris," made his re-appearance in this city, on Feb. 27th, at Dodworth's Hall, to a very good audience. His programme consisted of recitations of popular poems, etc., delineation of character, and a series of wonderfully rapid changes. His first part causes the pearly tear to flow, and his second elicits shouts of laughter, thus commingling a great variety of entertainment. His recitation of "Bingen on the Rhine" was beautifully done, and elicited shouts of applause. This was followed by a capital travestie called "Richmond on the Jeemes," written expressly for Mr. Burnett by a young lady. It is a capital take off on the original, and was loudly *encored*. The next recitation was an illustration of a little child who was anxious for the approach of the New Year to get her presents, and when the New Year does come the child dies. This was one of the most beautiful recitations we have listened to for a long time. It appealed to the very heart and caused many a moistened eye. His "Shamus O'Brien" was another brilliant effort, given with fine elocutionary and dramatic power. Mr. Burnett's description of his visit to an English Menagerie was full of fun, and took immensely with the audience. His series of rapid changes, including a heart broken lover, the Yankee in love, a Frenchman in trouble, an Irishman, a Dutchman a young lady of sweet seventeen and an old lady of eighty, together with his marvelous changes of feature and dress, caused much wonder among the spectators. Valentine and Winchell were celebrated for the same style of performances, but Mr. Burnett is their superior in respect to elocutionary powers and the speciality of facial changes. There is a quiet telling humor and surprising skill in identifying himself with the character he personates that is of itself enjoyable in the highest degree, and the really excellent artistic manner in which he recites poetic gems, and the humor he imparts to his comic readings, go to make up a very attractive evening's entertainment. For one man to entertain a Metropolitan audience for two hours, and to succeed, is no easy task. Imagine a gentleman who can make your right eye laugh and your left eye weep at the same time, who can make the left side of his own face the cheek of Momus and his right the deplorable mug of Heraclitus, and you have Burnett. In the course of two hours he personates a dozen characters, delivers half a dozen lectures, recites three or four comic narratives, declaims eight or nine pieces of oratory, mimics everybody and everything, and ventriloquizes an entire menagerie of animals. This Mr. Burnett has done, and has sent his audiences home in the best of spirits. That he has so far met with success, delighted audiences testify. Mr. B. continues his entertainments every evening this week, at Dodworth Hall.

THE DELEVANTE BROTHERS, gymnasts and scrobats, have just concluded an engagement at the Canterbury, Washington, and open at 444 Broadway this evening, March 6th.

THE CLOWN *magnum parvum*, now performing with Barnum, concocts pantomimes and occasional funny rhymes; also a book, into which you should look, if you wish to mix up in pantomime tricks. In it Ravel's unraveled, because with him he's traveled. Beside, out of his noddle he can make a trick model; and what is into inside, he furnishes music; also the dancing giraffe, at which people so laugh. All this is in reference to Tony Denier, whose card will be found elsewhere. And that's what's the matter.

A NEW VARIETY TROUPE is at present organizing in this city, under the direction of Tony Pastor and a well-known popular minstrel manager, and is to be called "Tony Pastor's Variety Show." Gymnastic exercises, pantomime, ballet, comic and sentimental singing will be the order of the programme. They give their first show at Paterson, N. J., on the 22d, and continue two days. They go thence to Newark for two days; New Brunswick, 27th and 28th; Trenton, 29th and 30th; Elizabeth, Orange, etc.

THE MINSTRELS in the Bowery, originally known as Campbell's, and then Hooley and Campbell's, are now under the sin gle management of Mr. R. M. Hooley, Mr. M. C. Campbell having sold out his interest to Mr. Hooley, and retiring from the copartnership on Monday, Feb. 27th. The performances of this company last week were clever, and the programme offered by the manager was one of the best that has yet been "on the bills" of that establishment. In the first part the usual amount of sentimental and comic singing was given, and T. B. Prendergast gave the "Sweep's Refrain," which took well with the audience. The second part commenced with a jig by Mickey Warren, who is quite lively on his pins, and executes some very difficult steps. Budworth's banjo solo, and Cool Burgess' Nicodemus Johnson, are sure to please, no matter how often they are repeated. A couple of youngsters, Reynolds and Conway, then gave a double clog dance; they are very clever, indeed; in fact, thought to be equal to any double cloggists in the business. They do many new and difficult steps, and keep the best of time. Mr. J. B. Donniker performed a solo on the melephone. Prendergast's sketch of the "Live Injin" is a huge affair, and would draw smiles from a dr fted man. This week there is an entire change in the programme.

OUR SHOWMEN have contributed liberally toward the display made in the city to-day in honor of the recent victories of our armies. Ever ready to assist in any great enterprise or undertaking, especially when the credit of the city of New York is concerned, Mr. Barnum no sooner learned of the proposed celebration than he at once offered the committee his elephant, walrus, and various other curiosities, providing trucks, horses, attendants, and everything necessary to carry out his ideas, and all this at his own individual expense. In like manner did Van Amburgh & Co. come forward, placing in the procession elephants, camels, etc., with their attendants, all at their own expense, and for the express purpose of adding to the *eclat* of the city's celebration. No feature in the entire procession attracted greater attention than the contributions from our patriotic showmen, Barnum and Van Amburgh & Co. Everybody has had a chance to "see the elephant" without cost.

"PETROLEUMANIA, or, Oil on the Brain," the new burlesque written expressly for Wood's Minstrels, by Charles Gayler, is to be presented for the first time this evening at Wood's Minstrels Hall. From what we have heard of this sketch, it will prove one of the most laughable plays ever performed by a minstrel organization. It is founded on the now all important and all absorbing topic of Petroleum; new scenery has been painted for it by G. Maeder; machinery prepared by Brown & Hatch; properties by J. Chitry, dresses by A. Taylor, a tailor of great skill; and music by F. R. Mollenhauer. The cast is as follows:—Pete Troleum, (Demon King of the Oil Regions,) Frank Brower; Oleaginous Trap, (a Darkey that struck Ile,) Cool White; Chic. H. West, (a heavy dealer in stocks,) S. S. Purdy; Job S. Turkey, an unfortunate speculator,) J. W. Glenn; Mich Central, C. Henry; Cumb Coal, F. Converse, Mariposa, H. Schwicardi, oil speculatars; Johannes Jerome, (Pete's favorite Imp,) G. G. Lockwood; Petroleum Imps, (with Demon Dance,) Masters Sheridan and Mark; Bulls and Bears by the entire company. During the burlesque there will be introduced some amusing songs, duets, choruses, etc., and in the machinery and scenic departments there will be some effects of an extraordinary character, the closing scene occpuying the entire stage. The well-boring machinery will be seen in real working order, drills moving up and down, and stockholders moving down on the double quick. The sketch is as full of local hits as a defeated pugilist, while the downfall of the bears and the uprising of the bulls will afford us a happy illustration of the ups and downs of Wall street life. Talking about the ups and downs, reminds us of a man who, a few years ago, was about as poor as they make 'em; when the oil fever broke out, our friend went in, speculated, bought and sold land, got "royalty," etc., from developing companies, and at last his income amounted to *three thousand dollars a day!* While looking at a horse recently the animal kicked him, and he died from the injuries he received, leaving his wealth to be fought for by people who, in his poor days, probably would not give him the price of a loaf of bread. Such was the fate of "coal oil Johnny," as he was called. That was one of the realities of coal oil life. If you wish to see the mimic side, visit Wood's Minstrels this week, and enjoy a hearty laugh.

TALKING about wells, there is a well-founded rumor that a new theatre is about to be built on the West side, probably on 8th avenue, near 23d street. It will be managed by one of our best financiers, some say by a former manager of a Broadway theatre, and will be catered for the masses.

"The Ticket of Leave Man," at Wallack's, takes well with the *habitues* of that house, although in some respects the performance is not equal to the play as first given here at the Winter Garden. Lester Wallack is not in the cast, Fisher being the Brierly, Young the Hawkshaw, and Floyd the Green Jones, all three parts being poorly played. Mrs. Sefton and Geo. Holland as Mrs. Willoughby and Melten Moss receive the most liberal applause; Mary Gannon's Emily St. Evremond is pretty good, and Miss Henriquez' Mary Edwards a nice, quiet little bit of acting; Mrs. Floyd's Sam is very clever—she played the part, it will be remembered, at the Winter Garden. As we have said, the piece takes remarkably well, strange as it may seem. Melo-dramatic, blood-and-thunder dramas are really more successful at this up-town theatre than standard comedies or the legitimate drama.

MISS DAVENPORT closed her engagement at Niblo's on the 4th inst. Her Camille, given in the early part of last week, was admired by some, condemned by others; those who find fault with Miss Heron's rendition, see beauties in Miss Davenport's; and *vice versa*. Probably Miss Heron's will suit the *masses* the better, while Miss Davenport's educated and accomplished courtesan will meet with more favor from our upper circles, and ladies of the 5th avenue who love not wisely but passionately.

JOHN OWENS is in the last fifty of his two hundredth consecutive appearance at the Broadway, being one of the most successful engagements ever fulfilled by any artist. The "Toodles" and "Forty Winks will be withdrawn after this week, and on Monday evening next, March 13th, Boucicault's drama of "Dot, or the Cricket on the Hearth," will be brought out, introducing John Owens as Caleb Plummer, and Geo. Jamison as John Peerybingle. The present is the last opportunity you will have to see Owens give his "Forty Winks." Big houses are the rule at the Broadway, so that if you desire to be sure of a good seat you had better secure it beforehand.

ANNA E. DICKINSON will speak on the "Work and Wages of Women," at Cooper Institute, on the 10th. A night with Anna can be passed quite pleasantly.

DANIEL E. BANDMAN, German-American tragedian, comes before us again this evening, March 6th, in "The Beauforts," a translation of Mad. Birch Pfeiffer's adaptation of Bulwer's novel, "Night and Morning." To make the play successful requires an excellent cast and good acting throughout. Originally, we understand, Mr. Bandman was to play Gavothrey, and Mr. Wheatley the part of Phillip; but the cast has been changed, Mr. Pope substituted as Gavothrey, and Mr. Bandman given the part of Phillip.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE is well represented in the streets of New York to-day, several of the largest and most attractive animals joining in the great procession. The sight of those huge and curious beasts in the public street will only make the spectators more anxious to see them perform at the Menagerie, where, also, they can see hundreds of others equally wonderful. It must be borne in mind that at the Menagerie Professor Langworthy enters the den of lions, tigers, etc., and shows what marvellous command he has over these ferocious animals; instead of the Professor showing any fear of them, *they* exhibit signs of submission to his will the moment he begins to exert his authority; it is truly a most strange and apparently fearful feat, this entering into a cage filled with such strong and terrible creatures. Mr. Nash also gives an interesting exhibition with the performing elephants, etc., the large and unwieldy animals going through a variety of performances which some of our two-legged creatures would fail to accomplish. The whole Menagerie is a series of wonderful exhibitions combined in one grand establishment all of which may be seen for the very low price of 25 cents. This is next to the last week we can see the Menagerie, for on the 18th inst. the place closes, and may never be witnessed here again. It is advisable, therefore, that those parents who wish to entertain and instruct their children and themselves at one and the same time, should go at once. Only one more week remains in which this great collection of animals can be seen in this city.

OF THE WINTER GARDEN we can only say that Edwin Booth and "Hamlet" retain possession, and, astonishing as it may seem, attract excellent houses. The Saturday *matinees* at this house have thus far proved to be extraordinary successes.

OCEANA is here, and Oceana proposes to appear before us this evening at the Varieties, in the character of "Mazeppa," with Mr. H. B. Gates' mare Black Bess to do the horse business. Of course the people who have seen all the other Mazeppas will be anxious to see Oceana in the part, and criticise her form, face, and merits generally.....In addition to the drama, there will be the usual olio of singing, dancing, eccentricities, gymnastics, etc. .....*Matinees* will be given on Wednesday and Saturday of this week, when an excellent programme will be offered..... A brilliant calcium light now shines over the entrance to the Varieties, illuminating the Bowery for some distance with soft, moon-like beams.

THE OLYMPIC finds it altogether unnecessary to change the bill, "The Streets of New York" being a good enough attraction for some time to come. When the public give indications that they have got tired of it, then another card, equally entertaining, will be offered, but at present the "Streets" looks as if it would go out with the Lenten season.....Occasional benefits are now given, J. K. Mortimer and Miss Kate Newton being up for the suffrages of their friends this week.

THERE will be a carnival of amusement at Barnum's Museum to-day and all the week. The new play, "The Workmen of New York," is meeting with great success; there is certainly much in it to entertain, instruct, and point a moral. It can do no harm to the most piously inclined, and may be the means of accomplishing a great deal of good. Pastors and church people can see this moral drama, and be as greatly edified as if they had been listening to one of Brother Beecher's sermons.

ONLY TO THINK of a piece running six weeks in the Bowery, yet such is the fact; for G. L. Fox's new pantomime of "Old Dame Trot" is now in its sixth week, with strong indications that it will run six weeks longer. This is extraordinary for the east side, for it must be a very clever play that will hold the stage in the Bowery for more than a month, most pieces getting old in two or three weeks. But this "Old Dame Trot" is something out of the usual order of pantomimes, and that is why it holds the boards of the Old Bowery so long; dramas, farces, &c., are given every evening, in connection with the pantomime.

THE COMIC TRICK pantomime, "The Magic Pills, or the Conjuror's Gift," will be presented at the American, 444 Broadway, this evening. Great care has been bestowed in preparing this piece, new costumes, scenery, machinery, &c., being made expressly for it. The cast embraces the leading members of the company, who will also give their various special acts in dancing, singing, &c.

THE FRIENDS of Mr. G. C. Boniface and Miss Kate Newton gave these favorites a hearty welcome back to the New Bowery last week. They appeared in tragedy, drama, &c., and evidently pleased their audiences. They are still here, this evening appearing in Romeo and Juliet.....Manager Lingard keeps up a constant succession of stars, or gives his patrons new spectacles in grand style. He has certain novelties in preparation which, when produced, will no doubt create a sensation.

GREAT DOINGS at the Hippotheatron now-a-days. To-night they give their patrons a feast in the shape of "The Feast of Lanterns," a Chinese spectacle, with procession, &c. In addition to the "Feast," the latest pantomime of "Mother Goose," will be given, together with the usual feats of equestrianism, leaping, &c.

STEPHEN MASSETT, better known as "Jeems Pipes," sailed for New Orleans on the 4th inst. He intends to give "Drifting About" there, also a new feature called "Gems of Poetry."

THE COMPANY for the Savannah theatre, consisting of A. H. Davenport, Acting manager; Thos. Weir, T. J. Herndon, Mrs. Berrell, Fanny Prestige, Miss Florence LaFond, etc., sailed on the 6th.

Dramatic.

SPEAKING of things theatrical in Fort Wayne, Ind., our correspondent says—"A new light has flashed across our theatrical firmament in the person of Miss Fanny B. Price. This lady, notwithstanding the fair fame that preceded her, has taken our citizens by surprise; she is the youngest, and unquestionably the most brilliant tragic *artiste* on the American stage. Having left behind her the ranting, top-loft-i-cal style of acting, she appeared before us as one of nature's students. She is a perfect mistress of all the passions that heave and throb in the human heart. She seems to be the very *soul of pathos*. In scenes requiring great depth and tenderness of feeling, or, on the other hand, calling for haughty bearing and withering scorn, I have never seen her equal. She possesses to a surprising degree the power of subduing, elevating and electrifying her auditors. On the occasion of her farewell benefit she appeared as Marian, in the 'Wrecker's Daughter,' in which character she seemed to surpass all her former efforts, and made an immense hit."

J. W. LANERGAN'S dramatic company has just completed a successful engagement of nine nights at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Jackson Co., Mich., W. Jackson, proprietor. During the engagement they played "Richelieu," "Poor Gentleman," "Ticket of Leave," "Still Waters," "Richard 3d," "Octoroon," and on Saturday evening, 25th Feb., concluded with the "Colleen Bawn."..... On Monday, 28th Feb., the company opened in Kalamazoo, for one week.

AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, Lexington, Ky., of which H. A. Weaver is sole lessee and manager, the season is to close on July 4th. In the meantime the manager is prepared to make engagements with first-class stars on liberal terms. Miss Leo Hudson closed a six nights' engagement there on the 25th ult. From the programme before us, we infer that there is a tolerably full and efficient company at the Apollo.

"DOT AND GO ONE."—A good many people went both eyes on Dot, in the "Cricket on the Hearth," as performed at the Evansville Theatre, Ind., on Feb. 23d. La Belle Golden impersonated Dot, and the other characters were well cast. "The Gunmaker of Moscow" and the "Peep o' Day" are in rehearsal.

MR. H. A. ELLIS, from the Newark and other theatres, made his first appearance in Baltimore, at the Front-street Theatre, on the 27th ult., as Tom Chaffinch, in the farce of "Jones' Baby," and report says he created quite a favorable impression.

EDWIN FORREST will remain the present week at the Holliday, Baltimore, and then give place to Mrs. D. P. Bowers.

AT THE CLOSE of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams' engagement at the Front-street, Baltimore, which, we believe, is for four weeks, Laura Keene will reproduce her "Workmen of Baltimore."

FIRE.—A distressing accident occurred at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on Monday evening, Feb. 27th. The theatre was crowded, and "Cinderella" was being performed. Near the end of the second act, at the point where the fairy queen makes her appearance through the chimney, amid the flashing of lightning, a little ballet girl, named Rachel Wood, about six or seven years of age, chanced to be standing at the edge of the stage behind the scene, and beside the man who had the pyrotechnic material for the production of the flame. By some accident some of the combustible stuff was thrown on the girl, and her dress of light gauze instantly took fire. Mrs. John D. Wood, and a member of the Metropolitan stock, though dressed also in ballet costume, were near at the time, and of course rushed to the girl's assistance. A moment sufficed to wrap Mrs. Wood in a sheet of flame, and before the fire could be extinguished by Mr. Hartel and others, she had received frightful injury. In the mean time the audience, seeing the light of the fire and hearing the shrieks of the girls, rose excitedly to their feet and would have become panic stricken, had not Mrs. Myron (the fairy queen), with presence of mind, remained on the stage and notified the crowd that the danger was past. It fortunately happened, also, that Dr. Mixer was in the theatre, and he went immediately to the aid of the two sufferers. The injuries of the little girl are on the arm and breast, and were found to be comparatively slight. Mrs. Wood, however, is very seriously hurt.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, continues prosperous, and good houses have become the rule instead of the exception, as was the case in the early part of the season last year. "East Lynne" has been the attraction during the past week, Mrs. Conway's admirable personation of the character of Lady Isabel being the feature of the representation. In the forced absence of Mr. Conway from the stage, in consequence of a severe sprain from a fall, Mr. Lewis takes his place as the leading comedian of the company, and he appeared as Mr. Carlile, in "East Lynne," and creditably acquitted himself, although the part of Levison is more in his line. Stuart, however, was assigned this character and a pretty mess he made of it! Instead of his enacting the part of the polished libertine and villain, he made the character a complete burlesque, a sort of galvanized Dundreary.

THE PRESENT engagement of Mr. Forrest at the Holliday, Baltimore, is the most successful that was ever fulfilled in that city, the theatre being crowded to excess each night that he has appeared. A correspondent, "Hugo," says—"In his efforts to please our citizens he has been materially assisted by Mr. J. W. McCullough, Madame Ponisi, Miss Alice Grey, Messrs. Dubois, Hall and others, members of the double company. On Monday, 27th Feb., he appeared as Coriolanus, with Mr. McCullough as Tullus Aufidius, Madame Ponisi as Volumnia, and Miss Alice Grey as Virgilea. It was a performance replete with grandeur, dignity and impressiveness, and characterised by all the ability of the distinguished actor. The scenes, dresses, &c., were of the most elegant description. So well pleased was the audience, that a committee waited upon Mr. Ford and solicited that gentleman to again present the play on Tuesday night. It was accordingly repeated on that evening."..... The performances on Wednesday evening were for the benefit of C. B. Bishop, who, for some years past creditably fulfilled the position of leading comedian of the regular company, and has established himself as a popular favorite. A bill of quite an attractive character was offered on the occasion, and embraced Shakespeare's historical play entitled "Henry IV, or the Battle of Shrewsbury," in which Mr. Bishop sustained the character of Sir John Falstaff. He was capitally supported by J. A. Herne, who came from Philadelphia for the express purpose of volunteering his services, and appear as Prince Hal; Mr. McCullough as Hotspur; Miss Alice Grey as Lady Percy; together with the full force of the company. The bill concluded with Morton's merry farce of "Young America," with Bishop as John James Pooley.....Mr. Forrest appeared as Jack Cade on Thursday and Friday evenings.

MISS FANNY STOCKTON, the *prima donna* of the Castle & Campbell Opera Troupe, has been suffering from a severe cold and cough for some time past, and while at Cleveland, lately, her voice so far failed her in the "Bohemian Girl" that she had to omit the music of her part in the closing act.

DESERTERS, who are full of unreliable news items, have come into our lines from Petersburg, Va., and state that the theatre in that rebellious city, which was filled with government stores, has been burned by the Johnnies. As we say of nearly all these deserter stories, it needs confirmation.

MISS HAWTHORNE, of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, had her first benefit on the night of the 3d inst., on which occasion she appeared as Julia in the "Hunchback," Mr. Conway playing Master Walter. Miss Hawthorne commenced her career as an actress at the Park Theatre, we believe, and from the night of her first appearance to the evening in question, she has faithfully discharged the onerous duties of her profession with ability, combined with ladylike demeanor and modesty of deportment which has won for her the respect and esteem of hosts of valued friends, the fact being plainly demonstrated by the crowded attendance on Friday night and the high character of the audience assembled to pay her the well-merited compliment she then received. This was the first time this lady had essayed the performance of any part outside of the line of her specialty as "walking lady" of the company, and when she was announced to appear in the *role* of Julia, many anticipated another addition to the list of failures which have marked the career of hundreds of aspirants for dramatic fame, and no doubt numbers of those present went to see "the fun" usually attendant upon like occasions. If they did they were very greatly and no doubt agreeably disappointed with the result, for throughout the trying ordeal Miss Hawthorne acquitted herself in a manner which elicited enthusiastic praise from her friends and high encomiums from all present. The really excellent and artistic rendering of Miss Hawthorne, considering it is a first effort, compared most favorably with that of Miss Bateman. We scarcely anticipated so much animation and vigor from Miss Hawthorne, so overquiet has she hitherto been in her personations. The latent histrionic talent possessed by Miss Hawthorne, which this performance has brought out, has gratified her friends exceedingly, and the promise of future excellence afforded on this occasion will no doubt be made good in the course of time. A feature of the performance was the taste the lady displayed in her attire; assuredly she never looked more charmingly attractive than as the fair, loving Julia. She was ably sustained by Mr. Conway, whose masterly rendering of Master Walter divided the honors of the evening with the fair *beneficiaire*. Of Stewart's Clifford the less said the better; had he exchanged characters with the Lord Tinsel of the evening, Sir Thos. Clifford would have had a better representative.

THEATRICALS in Troy, N. Y., were never in a more flourishing condition than at the present time, says our correspondent, "Bonto," who adds—"On Monday evening, Feb. 27th, Mdlle. Zoe made her first appearance to a crowded house. She had been extensively advertised for two weeks in advance. She makes the best French Spy that I have ever witnessed. Her sword combat is grand, and she is ably supported by Mr. Lay. On Tuesday evening Mr. L. H. Everett took a benefit, and it was a rouser. Never before were there as many people assembled together to witness a theatrical representation in Troy. The house was crowded, and the proceeds footed up $700! Yankee Robinson made his appearance on the occasion as a volunteer, in the character of Darius Dutton, in a drama called 'Out West, or Life on the Frontier.' He kept his audience in good humor during the evening, and was well supported by Everett, Delmer, Lannier, McDonough, Mrs. Lannier and Miss Alfy Chippendale, who, in one of the scenes, fainted, and had to leave the stage. She has just recovered from a severe illness, and a very lengthy trial dance between her and Yankee Robinson was too much for her."

LOST AND FOUND.—MICHAEL PARKER, whose present whereabouts was inquired for by his relatives of Portland, Me., in the issue of the CLIPPER of Feb. 25, died, as we are informed by a correspondent, at the house of D. Sarzedas, in Cincinnati, in 1862. The party who favors us with this information also asks for the present whereabouts of Abe Silvia, actor, now believed to be in the army.

F. S. CHANFRAU was the star last week at Grover's Washington Theatre. His farewell benefit took place on the 3d, when he played Jerry Clip in "The Widow's Victim," and Solon Shingle in "The People's Lawyer." His engagement terminated on the 4th.

THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON of Grover's Washington Theatre closed March 4th.

"THE NAIAD QUEEN" was produced at the Lyceum, Toronto, C. W., last week, with Ettie Henderson as Lurline. The spectacle was well put on the stage, and bids fair to have a run.

MR. PROCTOR has appeared as Othello, Damon, Jack Cade, Charles De Moor, and the Jibbenainosy, at the Columbus, O., Opera House, since our last advices. Our correspondent says that "in all of those characters he has won the admiration of large audiences. Mr. Evelyn Evans, as Iago, sustained that difficult character more creditably than any other in which I have seen him. 'Jack Cade' was played for Mr. Proctor's benefit, and was excellently well done with one or two minor exceptions. Mr. Martin, who is an ardent student, by some strange means stuck several times. His desire to get up in the more prominent parts should never induce him to neglect or study carelessly those with which he is at present entrusted. I say this in all kindness, knowing him to be a young man, who, with proper care, can do much better. Mr. Ellsler, as Wat Worthy, and Mrs. Effie Ellsler, as Mariamne, could not have been better. On Monday evening Mr. Proctor appeared as the Jibbenainosy to the largest audience that ever assembled in the building. The admirable manner in which the piece is put upon the stage reflects the highest credit on the management. The *finale* of the second act, where the cance of fire descends the rapids, was better done than I have ever seen it before. The bill was repeated, with a change of farce, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings; 'Ambition' was up for Thursday, March 2.....Next (this) week we are to have Sallie Sinclair, who I believe is nearly, if not quite, a stranger to Columbus boards. During the engagement she will produce her sensation play entitled 'Bibio' ..... We are promised 'Aladdin' before the close of the season, in magnificent style. From the reports of the manner in which Mr. Ellsler produced it in Cleveland lately, I am led to believe it will excel anything ever before submitted to the Columbus public in the way of show pieces.....*On dit*, an entirely new and original Drama, written by Mr. J. C. Howard, will shortly be presented, we presume on the occasion of his benefit. What it is called I have not learned, but by one who has seen it I am told that it contains considerable merit."

ROBBED.—On Monday evening, Feb. 27th, while Miss Helen Western was professionally engaged at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, her room at the Continental Hotel was entered by means of false keys. Her wardrobe was forced open, and some of her most valuable stage dresses were stolen. She estimates her loss at about $1000. The robbery was evidently committed by some one well posted, as it took place at a time when both she and her mother were absent. No clue has been obtained to the thief.

MISS JENNIE HIGHT, the Rising Star of the West, as she is styled, bids fair to attain an extreme altitude in the dramatic firmament. This lady will commence her regular starring tour in August next, and is now filling up her list of engagements through the agency of Mr. Robert Jones, of Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. See advertisement.

CHARLES R. THORNE'S benefit at the Howard, Boston, on Monday evening, Feb. 27th, was a great success. It must have been pleasing to the old gallant to find his friends of bye gone days, with silvered locks and bended forms, crowding the seats and lobbies of the house.

MRS. C. R. THORNE (formerly Miss Mestayer) has retired finally from the stage. Ten years ago she was considered one of the best leading ladies on the American stage.

MRS. MEDUCA SCHELLER'S engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, continues to be highly successful. It is said to be one of the most brilliant engagements ever played in that city. "Cinderella" continues to attract crowded houses, and there is a demand for seats two or three days in advance. A "Cinderella" matinee will be given on Saturday for the benefit of Mrs. J. D. Wood, who was so severely burnt last week in the attempt to save a little girl, Rachel Wood, whose dress caught fire from the "lightning apparatus." Mad. Scheller, the whole company, orchestra, etc., have volunteered their services.

THE WARREN COMBINATION attracted fashionable audiences during their engagement at the Louisville Theatre, which was to have terminated on the 4th of March.

THEATRICAL managers contribute generously to the support of the Government. The three theatres in New Orleans paid $688 72c in November, $693.98 in December, and more in January; being two per cent. upon their gross receipts, as appears by the following synopsis from the books of the assessors of internal revenue:—

	November.	December.	January.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Spalding, Rogers & Bidwell, Proprietors,	$13,962	$15,248	$16,476
ST. CHARLES THEATRE—De Bar & Eddy, Proprietors,	$10,648	$10,237	$11,645
VARIETIES THEATRE—A. W. Fenno, Acting Manager,	$9,826	$9,214	no return.

Total—Academy, $45,686; St. Charles, $32,530.

In addition to this, $21 were paid by the Æolian Minstrels (Messrs. Allinson & Wood) as their per centage upon $1050 taken upon their first four nights (last four days in January), and other sums from the German Opera and other exhibitions. As all the theatres in the United States pay the same tax, it is estimated that over $25,000 are realized monthly from this source.

AT MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, the Florences are performing nightly to crowded houses, and their engagement promises to be a most successful one. Our correspondent "Argus" says that the burlesque of "Fra Diavolo" was produced with all the incidental music on the evening of Monday, Feb. 27. Mrs. Florence looked bewitchingly handsome as the gay cavalier Fra Diavolo. She acted and sang with the greatest *abandon*, and received round after round of applause. Mr. Florence, as Beppo, the heavy villain of the piece, elicited rounds of laughter by his capital imitations of the "great tragedian." Now and then he overdid the business, but there is generally every license allowed in a burlesque. Mrs. Myers looked charmingly as Zerlina, and sang the music allotted to her very sweetly. She was repeatedly and deservedly applauded. Miss Fannie Marsh looked pretty, dressed tastefully, and made the most of the part of Lady Allcash. In the love scenes Miss Fannie was very successful. Mr. Mackay was fussy and fidgety as Lord Allcash. His makeup was thoroughly characteristic. Mr. Sam Myers was good in his part, while Mr. McVicker, as the policeman, created the greatest merriment. The piece is garnished with local "bits" which are provocative of much merriment.....The "Ticket of Leave Man" is on the bills, and "Kathleen Mavoureen" in rehearsal.

A COMPLIMENT to Miss Kellogg is to be paid on the night of her benefit in Brooklyn, which is a decided improvement on the usual jewel presentation style of thing. A committee of her special admirers intend defraying the entire expense of the performance, so as to give her the proceeds of the house without deduction. This is doing the handsome thing to a handsome girl.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH" was presented at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, for the first time on the 4th inst. to a crowded house. It was not well cast, however, Mrs. Conway as Dot and Miss

ELBY GOODWIN, who has been traveling among the Orientals the past three years, has arrived in Calcutta, India, having sold out his entire concern to A. W. Wheelock, an Englishman there. He may be expected in New York about the 1st of May, but will not appear until next Winter, when he may join any circus company located in Boston or New York. He is said to be the most genial, witty and entertaining clown who has ever appeared in this country. We are told that he performs tricks in the ring which outdistances Heller, and is a capital musician and songster as well. Due notice will be given in our advertising columns when he arrives.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN W. WHISTON, the Polyphonist and Humorist, last week visited the principal towns on Cape Ann; being an odd fish himself, the fishermen in that locality are always glad to catch an opportunity of witnessing his comic delineations and odd sayings and doings. His note on "Capt. Darby who caught twelve thousand fish" was a big thing on the Cape. A. B. Palmer, his partner, having had a long experience in the exhibition line both in this country and in England, knows everything that is requisite appertaining to the business. This week he is at Gloucester, Marblehead, and towns in that neighborhood.

CHASE AND NEWCOMB'S GREAT WORLD EXHIBITION OF LIFE-LIKE MOVING FIGURES was on exhibition last week at City Hall, Providence, R. I., and closed there on the 4th to a most excellent business. The Hall being previously engaged, the show could not remain there any longer, so it was transferred to Howard Hall in the same city, and was to re-open on the 6th, for another week's stay. On the 20th, the Exhibition will open at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, for one week, thence to Library Hall, Newark, N. J., for two weeks. The following flattering notices of this Show speak for themselves:—

"MUSEUM OF ART.—The splendid exhibition of Messrs. Chase & Newcomb, at the City Hall, last evening, was attended by one of the largest audiences we have ever seen in Providence. The hall was literally packed, and hundreds had to leave, unable to gain admittance. The exhibition was all which has been claimed for it. The scenes embraced several of extreme beauty, particularly the Isle of Beauty and the Arctic Regions. There were also two interesting naval scenes, the capture of the Macedonian and the sinking of the Alabama. These were all most natural, and contained many figures moving as in life, adding much to their interest. The several representations were explained by Mr. Newcomb, who interspersed his explanations with observations on men and things, both piquant and amusing. The exhibition will continue this evening, when will be presented the great scene of 'The Life of a Fireman,' which depicts a fire with all its attendant and exciting scenes. During its progress, a child appears at the window of a burning house, a fireman mounts a ladder, enters and rescues it. Other views will be presented of beauty and interest."—*Providence Press*, Feb. 28th.

"THE GREAT WORLD EXHIBITION.—This remarkable exhibition drew another crowded and enthusiastic house last evening, and in this age of humbug it is worth while to record the success of a good thing. This exhibition was designed and executed by Mr. Chas. S. Chase, and is truly a Yankee invention. The natural and life-like moving of the mechanical figures, the vivid portrayal of a thunder storm, and the startling accuracy of the battle scenes, are calculated to fill the beholder with astonishment and delight. The talents of Mr. Newcomb as a business manager have long been recognized, and we advise those who wish to enjoy odd manifestations of dry humor to hear him describe his beautiful work of art. Mr. Harry T. Reed, the agent for this exhibition, is the projector of camp amusements in the army, and if we are to judge from the immense bill-posterial display in this city, he has not mistaken his vocation. Mr. Chase's grand mechanical master piece of the 'Life of a Fireman' was exhibited for the first time on Tuesday evening, and must be seen to be appreciated."—*Providence Journal*, March 2d.

ARTEMUS WARD carried a large audience to Salt Lake with him, at the Athenæum, Columbus, O., on Monday evening, Feb. 27th, reposting it on Tuesday. His patrons were highly delighted.

THE NEW HAVEN TURNER SOCIETY, GYMNASTIC CLUB, gives a grand masquerade and fancy dress ball at Music Hall, March 6th, in which will be introduced the "Bull Frog Quadrille" and the "Devil's Pyramid" feat by turners Fitzmein, Heinz and Buehle, and Fitzchilpatchlibutzwhateverthatmaybe.

THE YALE GLEE CLUB sing at Brewster Hall, New Haven, Conn., March 7th, for the benefit of the Bethany Sabbath School.

FATHER KEMP AND FAMILY appeared in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 28th, the night after the grand Promenade Concert for the purpose of establishing a Soldiers Rest, when the people had an opportunity to witness the decorations for thirty-five cents, instead of the shoddy price of five dollars paid at the promenade. Father K., with commendable liberality presented one-half of the receipts, amounting to over two hundred dollars, to the fund; the audience was one of the largest ever assembled in the hall.

PROF. J. H. ANDERSON, the well known prestidigitateur and illusionist, has been making an extended, and we are pleased to learn, a profitable and pleasant tour among the people of the great West, from which region he is now on his return, and in all probability will soon give the people of the east an opportunity to witness his wonderful manipulations. The Professor is assisted in his performances by Miss Emilie Anderson and Little Frank. For further information concerning this troupe, see advertisement in another column.

A GOOD AGENT for a first class entertainment is advertised for in this issue of the CLIPPER, to which we refer for address, etc.

ARTEMUS WARD shows at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on the 6th and 7th inst., and Covington, Ky., on the 8th.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST" will be spread at the St. John-street Church, New Haven, Ct., March 8th. J. Sumner Smith, tenor; choir of forty singers, under the direction of B. Jepson; readings by the pastor, etc. As A. Ward would say, this is a moral show.

IT IS RUMORED that Hon. James E. English, M. C., is about to erect a large public hall in New Haven, Ct.

THE FUNNY EDITOR of the Virginia City *Enterprise* acknowledges the receipt of a piece of music called the "Snow Polka," and thus describes it:—"It is very *apropos*, coming as it does with our first big snow storm. We have looked at all the notes in the piece. We don't understand a single one, but they appear to start as low down and get up as high as any we ever saw. We ain't sure, but we thought that we saw in one place an imitation of the jingling of sleigh bells—horses on a fast trot; then comes a nice level piece of road, and we have a bit of race with another sleigh—great showers of notes representing the music of bells, Pretty soon, *poco tempo*, we come to a toll-gate. Whipping our horses into a gallop, we run it—many hoarse notes descriptive of the frantic cries of the gate keeper calling upon us to stop and 'see' him, intermingled with merry peals, which we take to mean laughter of the ladies in the sleigh at the pretty trick played upon ye toll man. The pretty dears are always delighted with any such devilment. Now we come to a place where all the notes are off the track; then they bob up and down in a distracted manner, showing that an upset has occurred and that the ladies are all in a terrible fright, each yelling bloody murder. Shortly afterwards the notes appear more sedate—some laughter, a little subdued by the late fright, some faintly-expressed fears of another disaster—then all settle down into a happy and monotonous cooing under the buffalo robes, and we conclude that we have turned about and are now on our way home. So much for the 'Snow Polka.' We've got the notes, and all we want is some lady to *spiel* 'em for us—just to see how near we come to guessing all about what they say."

MISS WILHELM is lecturing with much success in Indiana on the subject of "Spirits." Guess they need a little lecturing on that subject out there.

A NEW HALL is in progress of erection at Lafayette, Ind.

THE TWO PEAK FAMILIES BELL RINGERS joined their forces at Sidney, Ohio, last week. Waldron, agent of the Alleghanians Bell Ringers; Goodhue, agent of the William Peak, Jr.; and Chase, agent of the William Peak, Sr., were billing Indianapolis, Feb. 24th. The troupes run in opposition in that city; the "Peaks" at the Tabernacle, and the "Alleghanians" at Masonic Hall. The joint combination, thirty-four in number, "put up" at the same hotel, and made a hearty re-union. Just what we like to see—good feeling existing between parties following the same profession.

T. BUCHANAN READ lectured at the Tabernacle, Indianapolis, on Friday, 24th Feb., to a crowded house.

PROF. ALBERT H. FERNALD, the Boston favorite balladist, pianist, etc., has been offered an engagement to join one of the best musical entertainments in the United States.

J. ESCO WILLIAMS' PANORAMA of the Bible is on exhibition at Richmond, Ind.

THE ALLEGHANIANS gave their farewell concert at Masonic Hall, Indianapolis, Thursday evening, March 2d, to an overflowing house. A correspondent says they will shortly appear in St. Louis.

THE ETHNO SOTERIAN opened in Scranton, Pa., on the 1st inst., for four nights, and was to go thence to Binghampton, N. Y, on the 8th, and remain until the 11th, and so on to the West.

THE CANTIDORA TROUPE was at Stamford, Conn., on the 2d and 3d inst.

STEPHEN MASSETT was giving "Drifting About" at McDonough Hall, Middletown, Conn., on Feb. 28th. A crowded house listened to the veritable "Jeems Pipes'" discourse.

THE HANLONS, according to promise, appeared at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., on the 22d Feb., on the occasion of a gymnastic exhibition given by the pupils of Brady's Gymnasium, in compliment to their teacher, Abner S. Brady. It was a magnificent affair, and generally acknowledged to be among the finest entertainments ever given there, and witnessed by the most brilliant assemblage ever seen in Ford's Theatre. The Hanlon "challenge act" is said to have been grand, while Mr. Brady even surpassed himself; he raised his body ten successive times, dead weight, with his left arm, and later in the evening raised himself three times with one finger of his right hand. At the close of the gymnastic exhibition the parquet was floored over, and the hop commenced, dancing being kept up until a late hour. Two bands were engaged for the occasion. It was a great success.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON delivered a lecture at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Thursday night, March 2d, choosing for her subject "A Glance at the Future."

MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH delivered a series of patriotic readings and recitations at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Monday evening, Feb. 27th, for the benefit of the Asylum for Soldier's Orphans, the Soldier's Home, and soldiers' families, to an overwhelming house.

HOW SOME CHURCHES INAUGURATE LENT in Brooklyn may be judged by the fact of a series of performances in the form of tableaux which took place at the Universalist Church, in Monroe Place, on Wednesday, 1st inst. The church was filled with its usual congregation, and the pulpit and platform in front were for the time being turned into the stage of a theatre, on which all the paraphernalia of the dramatic temples were in use, including the blue and red fires of the blood and thunder melo-drama. This novel inauguration of Lent in a church has excited the religious fire of the "unco pious" to a degree which is quite alarming to the outside congregations of the City of Churches.

"TO WHAT BASE USES have we come at last," was the subject of colloquy overheard between a big drum, a mammoth brass and sundry other musical instruments. You can read more about these wonderful whirlwinders in H. Flynn's advertisement in another column.

THAT FACETIOUS FELLOW and first-rate showman, Artemus Ward, is on an extended tour through Uncle Sam's dominions. On March 9th, he spreads himself at Lexington, Ky.; 10th, at Frankfort; 11th, at New Albany, Ind.; from the 13th to the 18th inclusive, at Louisville; 20th and 21st, at Indianapolis; 23d, at Terre Haute; 23d and 24th, at Evansville; 25th, at Vincennes, and from the 27th to the 30th, at St. Louis.

BARTHOLOMEW'S Paintings of the Holy Land were to be exhibited at the Town Hall, Milford, Mass., on the 7th inst., for the benefit of the Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society.

THE BOHEMIAN TROUPE of Glass Blowers were at Brigham Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., closing there on the 4th. Doc Allen, formerly with Goodwin & Wilder's Circus as clown, is manager. Their route from Binghampton is through the Chenango Valley to Utica, stopping at all the towns on the route, taking up three weeks.

EVAN'S & CO.'S GIFT SHOW is in Columbus, Ohio, this week, opening there on the 6th. The show then goes to Dayton and Springfield.

MR. C. A. LEWIS is out west, giving "wonderful performances," such as the biological rope-tying feat, light and heavy balancing, eating fire, Mesmerism, and murdering a boy, and bringing him to life again. He calls his show "Lewis' Opondolendocon." On the 27th of Feb. he was at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and was to remain a few nights. He was to go thence to Memphis and New Orleans.

PEARSON & CUTTING'S PANORAMA is at present on exhibition at the National Theatre, St. Louis.

BULLARD'S PANORAMA of New York continues at Verandah Hall, St. Louis, all this week.

CHARLES HILLSBOURGH seceded from Gardner & Livingston's Troupe, at Utica. He says there were too many proprietors for him, all new in the business. The troupe reorganized and went on, John Denier being the principal attraction.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE Troupe opened at Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 27th Feb., to a big house, and have met with the same good fortune every night since. Their programme embraces a number of different attractions, including music, comedy, military evolutions, &c., in fact just such a programme as pleases the masses of the people.....Quite an interesting little occurance took place after the show was out Wednesday night. Mr. Fowler, the treasurer of the troupe, presented to Mr. D. P. Paisley, on behalf of the members of the Carter Zouaves, a fine gold-headed cane, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his valuable services and gentlemanly conduct during the time he has been with them. He responded in a neat, but short speech, and fully expressed his gratitude by inviting the whole troupe to partake of an oyster supper at his expense.....In four nights, we are informed, the Carter Zouaves took in $1,100.

GARDNER'S RAVEL and Ballet Troupe showed in Lockport, N. Y., on the 28th Feb. and March 1st, but were not very successful.

Amateur.

WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.—This excellent association of young gentlemen and lady amateurs performed "The Iron Mask" on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st, to a crowded house; indeed, many persons were obliged to turn back after reaching the top of the stairs, finding it impossible to get even a glimpse of the stage. The piece was performed in an acceptable manner throughout. A correspondent, "Arline," says: "The part of Gaston, sustained by Mr. McCollin, was really very creditably performed, for an amateur, and a fair imitation of the great original, J. W. Wallack, Jr. Mr. W. C. Adams was, also, as usual, excellent, although, if he had given the part a little harder study, and been more prompt in taking up his cues, it would have been much improved. Mr. Beath, as St. Mars, did very well, with the exception of a great habit he has of turning his back to the audience. He should also bear in mind that it is not at all *probable* that St. Mars wore the *same dress* for a space of twenty years. Mr. J. Brooke, as Father Andoine, although a small part, was superb—his rendition of the character being the most natural piece of acting and make-up I have seen for a long time—every look, every movement denoting the feeble old man, and which he never lost sight of for a moment. Miss Campbell, as Marie d'Ostanges, sustained her part in a satisfactory manner. Indeed, the whole performance may be called a success. 'Hamlet' is to be produced this week, the melancholy prince to be sustained by a new member, of which I will write next week. 'The Dead Heart,' in which Mr. Edwin Adams created such a reputation in this city, is also underlined for an early production."

THE SMITHVILLE (N. C.) UNION D. A. gave their second performance, Feb. 20th, at Dramatic Hall. The entertainment consisted of singing and dancing, with recitations. A correspondent says, "They intend playing farces and dramas as soon as the mail and express bring books and costumes, which are sent for. The performance on the 20th was a very creditable one. Everything was done well, and it astonished the F. F. V.'s. We astonished them in taking Fort Fisher, and we now astonish them in giving good dramatic entertainments."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS met with a much warmer reception in Liverpool, Eng., lately, than they could have wished for. It seems that at their last exhibition the audience appointed two gentlemen to do the rope-tying. They proved too much for, and were objected to by the Davenports. Great confusion and excitement arose. When Ira Davenport had extricated himself from the rope, blood was seen on his hands by the audience, who felt satisfied that it was done by Dr. Ferguson (a confederate of the Davenports), who must have cut the hand of Ira Davenport when *cutting* the rope—the tying of the rope being too much for the "skill" of the Davenports to master, so their confederate, Ferguson, was obliged to cut the rope. The excitement was now at its height, as the audience could not see how a rope could be tied tight enough to cause the blood to flow, as it was flowing from Ira Davenport's hand. Mr. Ira Davenport hastily, and with an indignant expression of countenance, left the stage, followed by his brother. Mr. Cummings then addressed the audience nearly in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have seen blood upon the hand of the person who has just left this platform. That blood was caused by Dr. Ferguson in cutting the rope." Upon this an immense shout of mingled triumph and indignation arose from the audience, whose sympathies had scarcely wavered even during the sensation incident they had just witnessed. The audience now began to take matters into their own hands. One gentleman led the way, and several others scrambled over the footlights on to the platform, with the view, apparently, of demanding their money of Dr. Ferguson. The first thing the crowd did was to overthrow the cabinet, Dr. Ferguson being pushed backwards into it. He immediately rose, but as immediately retreated, and the Davenports and Mr. Fay were out of the building almost as soon as Dr. Ferguson was off the stage. The cabinet was soon smashed into a thousand pieces, and strewn around the house. The proceedings, though turbulent, were exceedingly good humored, and they were enlivened by a few burlesque addresses delivered from the platform to those in the body of the hall.

DAN LEESON, formerly of Laura Keene's Theatre, was playing Pete in the "Octoroon" on Feb. 10th, at the Theatre Royal, Sunderland, Eng.

MRS. W. CRAWFORD died in London, Feb. 18th, aged twenty-seven.

THE LYSTER OPERA Company had arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, but had not received much encouragement.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON was at Hobart Town, Tasmania, Jan. 1st.

A CYCLOON swept over the town of Calcutta early in Jan. and completely destroyed the theatres. After the destruction of the theatre the Thorne Family appeared in the Town Hall, but failed to do any business.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.

Re-Engagement for SIX NIGHTS ONLY, of those popular young American Artists,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo.....MR. G. C. BONIFACE.
Juliet.....MISS KATE NEWTON.
Mercutio.....MR. W. MARDEN.
Peter.....MR. G. BROOKES.

POVERTY AND WEALTH.

Rachel.....MRS. W. G. JONES.
Bristles.....MR. G. BROOKES.
HONEST JOE.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. Begins at 7½.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
FIRST NIGHTS OF THE ENGAGEMENT
of the distinguished artist
DANIEL E. BANDMAN,
who will appear as
PHILIP AND VANDMONT.
in a new romantic play, in five acts, taken from the German of Mme Birch-Pfeifer, called
THE BEAUFORTS,
being a dramatization of Bulwer's popular novel, entitled
NIGHT AND MORNING.
The piece will be produced after months of preparation, with SCENERY,
PROPERTIES, and
APPOINTMENTS,
ALL NEW,
AND A POWERFUL CAST.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
SIXTH WEEK OF THE PANTOMIME.
EVERY NIGHT AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
OLD DAME TROT,
OLD DAME TROT,
COMICAL CAT, COMICAL CAT, COMICAL CAT.
By G. L. FOX, who does the
COMIC ROLE OF CLOWN,
SUPPORTED BY THE FULL PANTOMIME TROUPE.
C. K. Fox, Baptistine, J. McCloskey,
and Mlle. Martinetti.
Music by A. TYTE,
Scenery by J. JOHNSON, Jr.
THE LAST PICTURE
OF DAZZLING SPLENDOR,
BY THE GREAT UNKNOWN.
A FAVORITE DRAMA,
and
MOST LAUGHABLE FARCE.

MISS MOLLIE WILLIAMS,

and FELIX A. VINCENT,
MEETING WITH SUCCESS EVERYWHERE.
MOST ATTRACTIVE COUPLE TRAVELING.
FORT WAYNE, IND., MARCH 6th.
CAIRO, ILLS., MARCH 27th. 48-2t*

HARRY J. CLARK,

I would like to hear from you or see you immediately, as I have a good opening for you. Address J. H. A., care of New York Clipper, 22 Spruce street. 48-1t*

A CHANCE FOR SHOWMEN.---To be Sold,

A POLYORAMA OF THE WAR,
all complete, with wood cuts, etc., and BATTLE SCENES up to the latest dates, formerly GOODWIN & WILDER'S, and was exhibited in Brooklyn and at Niblo's Saloon, New York. A fortune to any enterprising man. Address, for price, etc., W. L., CLIPPER office. 48-tf

WHITE & COLEMAN'S MINSTRELS,

This Great Combination of artists, comprising a full corps of
BRILLIANT TALENT,
are now on their second annual tour, and introduce
NEW AND ORIGINAL PROGRAMMES
EACH EVENING.
W. WILSON, Manager.
48-1t* T. HUES, Secretary.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A GOOD AGENT
FOR A FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT,
one who knows the different cities and towns east and west, and who is not afraid of work. Direct immediately.
48-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

AFTERNOON AT 3. EVENING AT 7½.
THE GREAT ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR DRAMA,
written by MISS LAURA KEENE, entitled the
WORKMEN OF NEW YORK;
OR, THE
CURSE OF DRINK,
which has proved to be the
GREATEST SUCCESS EVER ACHIEVED.
LOCAL, MORAL,
DRAMATIC, SENSATIONAL.
GREAT DANCING GIRAFFE BY TONY DENIER.
MORNING AT 11,
THE HUMBUG OF SPIRITUALISM,
EXPOSED BY DR. W. F. VON VLECK,
Practically showing the Ballot Test, Blood Red Writing on the Arm, Spiritual Rope Tying, Answering Sealed Letters and
ALL THE DECEPTIONS PRACTISED
by Pretended Mediums.
PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
FAT WOMAN. GIANT BOY, GIANTESS,
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS,
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES IN MOTION.
Life size figures of the JAPANESE.
FIFTY LIFE LIKE MOVING WAX FIGURES,
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, DWARF, ALBINO BOY, LIVING OTTERS,
GRAND AQUARIA, A MILLION CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

WINTER GARDEN.

BOOTH'S HAMLET.
NOW IN THE SIXTEENTH WEEK
Of a career of unbroken succession and undiminished success, and which has been enthroned by the enthusiastic fiat of the people and the press AS A PERMANENT INSTITUTION, is presented EVERY NIGHT, with ITS SPLENDID CAST
AND SUPERB SCENERY.
One of the noblest pieces of Dramatic art ever seen in any land or in any age. We trust it will not be withdrawn until every man, woman, and child in the community has seen it.
New York Herald.
SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 11th,
BENEFIT OF MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU,
on which occasion will be performed Dion Boucicault's celebrated drama of the COLLEEN BAWN, and other entertainments, in which Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU will make his first appearance in New York this season.
Seats may be secured any number of days in advance.
Doors open at 6½. Curtain rises at 7½ precisely. 47

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Doors open at 7.....Commencing at 7½
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 6th, 1865,
Will commence the
THIRTEENTH WEEK!
THIRTEENTH WEEK!
THIRTEENTH WEEK!
Of the
GREAT
LOCAL
DRAMA,
Entitled
THE
STREETS
OF
NEW YORK.
The production of which has proved the
GREAT SENSATION OF THE SEASON.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE. 47

BROADWAY THEATRE.

MONDAY, MARCH 6th, 1865,
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD NIGHT
OF
JOHN E. OWENS.
LAST NIGHTS
of his latest triumphs,
TOODLES
and
FORTY WINKS,
the splendid success of which induces Mr. Wood to extend their "run" beyond the term originally assigned it, and to announce them for another week.
Boucicault's exquisite Home drama
DOT; OR THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH,
MR. JOHN E. OWENS .....as .....CALEB PLUMMER
sustained by an excellent cast, including the gifted artist
MR. GEORGE JAMISON.....as .... JOHN PERRYBINGLE

HELLER AND THE GYGES

AT THE
SALLE DIABOLIQUE.

THE NEW YORK HERALD said of Heller on Wednesday last:—"Heller is the modern Admirable Crichton. Not to have seen him is to have missed one of the wonders of the world. Heller gave his large audience five fine feats of legerdemain, a solo upon the piano of the operatic school, then a comic solo descriptive of an inebriated friend's recollections of Faust, and then an immense imitation of a boarding-school miss at her music lesson. All these were inimitably done, and we don't know which to admire most—the music or the mimicry.

"Finally there was Gyges. We don't profess to be able to describe Gyges. The perennial Heller played the part of an old Frenchman better than nine-tenths of the actors who devote themselves to such roles. The Gyges itself is an illusion by which a man is made to disappear instantaneously, and by which, as was shown last evening, one man may be seen through the body of another. To be surprised, amused and delighted, you have only to go and see Heller and the Gyges."
—[Herald, March 1.

SUCH IS THE SUCCESS OF
GYGES!
SO GREAT IS THE NEW COMIC SOLO.
SO EXCELLENT IS HELLER.
Every evening at 8. Doors open at 7.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2 P. M. 48

ALFRED BURNETT

AT DODWORTH HALL,
EVERY EVENING (except Wednesday) at 8, P. M.
TRIUMPHAL SUCCESS
AND SECOND WEEK OF THE
NEW ENTERTAINMENT,
QUEER FACES AND QUEER PEOPLE
with a
NEW PROGRAMME,
Introducing
FRESH ELEMENTS OF THE LUDICROUS
and
RAPID CHANGES OF CHARACTER.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON. Begins at 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
MONDAY AND EVERY EVENING.
GRAND MATINEES on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2½.
First Nights of the new and great spectacular Chinese Festival of
THE FEAST OF LANTERNS,
which will be produced on a scale of unparalleled splendor, with new and superb costumes, processions, appointments,
BRILLIANT CORPS DE BALLET,
Splendid Chinese Illuminations, realizing the great annual Festival of THE FLOWERY LAND.
The Great Chinese Spectacle will commence the performances each evening and at the Matinees.
CONTINUOUS TRIUMPH and fourth brilliantly successful week of the Great Comic Pantomime,
HARLEQUIN MOTHER GOOSE.
In addition to the Chinese Festival and the Unrivalled Pantomime, GRAND EQUESTRIAN DIVERTISEMENTS,
GAMES OF THE CURRICULUM
will be presented at each performance, in which
THE GREAT STAR TROUPE APPEAR. 48

ARTEMUS WARD

AMONG THE MORMONS.
J. W. WILDER .....Manager.
THE GREAT ECCENTRIC HUMORIST
ARTEMUS WARD,
Whose recent successes in
NEW YORK AND BOSTON,
are wholly unprecedented in the history of "Popular Lecturing" on this continent, will appear in the chief cities of the United States prior to his appearance in London in July.
Will "reveal" at
LEXINGTON, KY., MARCH 9th.
FRANKFORT, KY., MARCH, 10th.
NEW ALBANY, IND., MARCH 11th.
LOUISVILLE, KY., MARCH 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MARCH 20th and 21st.
TERRE HAUTE, IND., MARCH 22d.
EVANSVILLE, IND., MARCH 23d and 24th.
VINCENNES, MARCH 25th.
ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. 45-4t*

NOW RETURNING FROM THE WEST.--PROFESSOR ANDERSON,

the genuine ILLUSIONIST, assisted by MRS. ANDERSON, will shortly have the honor of introducing in New York his new and extraordinarily grand Eleusinian Spectacle, so replete with the superb, ornate, elegant, and mystic, entitled "THE WORLD OF MAGIC; or, TWO HOURS IN THE REALMS OF ILLUSION." The elaborate Hyper-Magical Drama will be presented in fifteen acts and two parts, with nearly five hundred incidents. Period—1865. Situation—Wonder World. Scene—The Enchanted Psychomantheum.
CHARACTERS.
Prestidigitateur.....PROFESSOR ANDERSON.
Muemoesyne.....MRS. EMELIE ANDERSON.
Ministering Attendant.....LITTLE FRANK.
Invisible Agents—Chemistry, Dynamics, Hydraulics, Acoustics, Optics, Electricity, etc., etc.
The stage will be transformed into a Gorgeous Psychomantheum. Mr. Anderson's paraphernalia is the most beautiful ever witnessed, and is entirely new, it having just arrived from Europe.
The PAPIER MACHE FURNITURE is by Messrs. JENNINGS & BETTRIDGE, Birmingham, England.
The SILVER AND GOLD PLATED WARE by Messrs. GOUGH & SILVESTER, Birmingham.
The GLASS WARE by the BIRMINGHAM GLASS COMPANY.
The CURTAIN WORK by SAM. MAY & CO., London.
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Petroleum imps (with demon dance) Masters Sheridan and Mack
Bulls and Bears.....by the.....Entire Company
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SCENE FIRST—WILLIAM ST., MERCHANT'S EXCHANGE, &c. Gathering of Bulls and Bears—Open Board—Song, "Bulls and Bears come get along in"—Chic. N. West—Oil Stock at a Premium—The Millionaire—Ile's Trumps—Song, "I've Struck Ile"—Oleaginous Trap—Song and Chorus, "I'm Hunkey Doree"—Oleaginous and Speculators—How to Bore—Pete's Calculations—21,000—Job's Misfortune's.
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A Reverse of Fortune—A New Company—Shares all Taken—Duet, "I knows I s'pose whar de oil well flows"—Job and Mich. Central—Chorus, "Johnny, how de you flow?"—Speculators.
SCENE SECOND—A CAVE, PETE'S ANTE CHAMBER.
The Spiritual Circle—Spirit Rappings—Table Tippings—The Summons—Sudden Appearance of Pete Trollem—Fright of Speculators—Pete Demands his Royalty—'One Half of all the Stockholders"—The Compact—Chorus, "How are you, Old Petroleum"—Speculators.
SCENE THIRD—SWAMP ANGEL CREVICE.
Pete and his favorite Imp Johannes take account of stock—Pete in a rage—"No Royalty"—Stop the Supplies—Song and Dance—"I'se Johannes Jerome, oh! oh!"—Johannes.
SCENE LAST—PETROLIA.
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DEMON DANCE—
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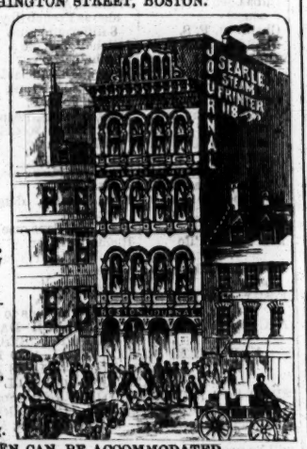

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None but first-class talent need apply. 46-3m*

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, CINCINNATI, now being remodelled, upholstered, and decorated in magnificent style, will soon be opened as a first class legitimate Dramatic Temple, conducted in the most unexceptionable manner, and on account of its immense capacity and unequalled facilities, the Management is prepared to offer inducements and insure advantages beyond the reach of competition.
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DAVIS' GREAT ALLIANCE MINSTRELS
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THE CREME DE LA CREME
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THE ETHIOPIAN PROFESSION.
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DICK O'NEAL.....Proprietor.
NIGHTLY CROWDED BY THE ELITE OF THE CITY
Second week of the great artists,
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THE KINCADE FAMILY,
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Performers can address as above. 45-tf

CARLOTTA POZZONI,
THE EMINENT SOPRANO,
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THE DISTINGUISHED TENOR,
THE BEST LYRIC STARS
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Their repertoire is large, with several New Pieces.
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MONDAY, MARCH 6th,
Positively for One Week only.
THIS GREAT WORK OF ART
WILL OPEN AT
WASHINGTON HALL, WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y.,
MONDAY, MARCH 20th,
For One Week. And at
LIBRARY HALL, NEWARK, MONDAY, MARCH 27th,
For Two Weeks.
J. D. NEWCOMB, Manager. [48-tf] HARRY T. REED, Agent.

CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia,
OPENED FOR THE SEASON.
The proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the public and the profession to the fact that this is the
ONLY HALL OPEN IN PHILADELPHIA.
The acknowledged
GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
COMBINATION OF STAR ARTISTS,
whose professional abilities have been acknowledged by the press and the public in all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES IN AMERICA,
who appear nightly in a
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
comprising BEAUTIFUL BALLETS, BURLESQUES, ETHIOPIAN ACTS, COMIC VOCALISM, PANTOMIMES, CLOG DANCING, GYMNASTIC, GEMS OF THE OPERA, MINSTRELSY, ETC., ETC.
GOOD PERFORMERS can always have good salaries by addressing as above.
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COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
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the model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
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admitted by the people and the press to be the leading, model organization of the world, far superior in every respect to all other travelling troupes in existence, the result of eleven years of experience, patronized by the fashion and elite of the entire continent.
THIS MAMMOTH CORPS
OF
DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states.
COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
SEPT. 26TH, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Manager...CHAS. H. DUPREZ	Musical Director.....C. A. Boyd
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Introducing to our extensive patrons an entire
NEW, ORIGINAL PROGRAMME EACH EVENING. 46

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FRED. AIMS..... .....Sole Lessee.
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STARS
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ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY,
Can secure Engagements
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All communications promptly and faithfully attended to by addressing FRANK EDWARDS,
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THE WONDERFUL STRATOPATETICON; OR, WALKING ARMY,
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The most thrilling of all modern miracles, embracing an astounding combination of
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First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
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EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY DESIRING ENGAGEMENTS may apply as above.
All applications promptly answered.
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GREAT EASTERN TROUPE,
are now making a successful tour through the WESTERN STATES, prior to their return east. The company is composed of some of the best talent in the country, who are well known in the Profession. LOOK IN AT US.
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Directors.....FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS.
This magnificent Hall is now open with one of the best companies in the country. The entertainment given at this establishment embraces
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ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS, and INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.
The Management beg to inform the public and profession generally that the highest order of talent, and that which is of the most cultivated nature, meets with its due meed of appreciation at this house, the audiences being of the most refined class, giving an opportunity for those artists who have hitherto held themselves aloof from this branch of the business to embark in it with safety. Applications to be made as above. 42-tf

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A continued succession of the
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